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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

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MODERN BIOGRAPHY OF JESUS

OUR knowledge of the earthly life and teaching of Jesus Christ is almost entirely derived from the Four Gospels. In the rest of the New Testament we find one additional saying of our Lord, and numerous allusions to His death upon the cross, and to events in that last fateful week of His life, as well as many echoes of His teaching. Of the many attempts that were made in the first Christian century to tell the great story, we know little more than what St. Luke says in the preface to his Gospel and the few fragments quoted by some of the early Fathers of the Church. The sands of Egypt have yielded several precious leaves of torn papyrus containing a few verses of this lost Gospel or that, and some brief sayings attributed to Jesus. A little parchment book found in a grave in the ancient Christian cemetery at Akhmin, in Upper Egypt, contained amongst other apocryphal writings about half of the lost Gospel of Peter. But all these when put together cannot be said to contribute anything fresh to our knowledge of the life and teaching of our Lord. The Christian Church still depends for this, as it did seventeen and a half centuries ago, in the time of Irenaeus, upon the Four-fold Gospel. How then are we to account for the astonishing number of Lives of Christ which have streamed from the press in England, America, Germany, and France during the last hundred years? There has been no discovery of fresh biographical material. Our first answer must be to point to the inexhaustible vitality of the theme. But while that may well account for the unparalleled success of the labours of the various Bible Societies, it does not completely answer our question.

¹ Inaugural lecture given at the Commemoration Service, Handsworth College, Birmingham, on October 3, 1930.

Amongst many influences that have been at work we may call attention to three which have given a powerful impulse to this special form of literary activity. Modern facilities for travel, and the passion for archaeological research, have brought Palestine quite close to the student of the times and customs of our Lord and his contemporaries. This was specially so during the latter half of the nineteenth century, before the advent of the motor-car, the cinema, and the repatriated Zionist had changed beyond recognition 'the unchanging East.' Dean Stanley's *Sinai and Palestine* carried his generation right back as upon a magic carpet to the Land of the Bible. Cunningham Geikie's *Life and Words of Christ* owed its vivid historical background, not only to a careful study of the available literature, but also to that interest in the country which makes his *Holy Land and the Bible* (with its woodcuts) so entrancing a companion to the Bible student. But it was Farrar whose richly decorated style held captive a whole generation of delighted readers, so that his *Life of Christ* has probably had a wider popular circulation than any novel before or since. Valuable as these two descriptive works undoubtedly were when they appeared in the seventies, and for long afterwards, a scholar of a different order was to open up a new vein of interest in the eighties. However much later research may have superseded the works of Alfred Edersheim, we ought never to forget how much this convert to the Christian faith brought with him in the wealth of his Jewish lore to throw light upon obscurities in the Gospels. His *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah* did for the background of thought what his predecessors had been doing for the background of country.

A second influence was at work in Germany for two generations before its presence was powerfully felt in this country. Historical criticism as an all-important method in reconstructing the life of Christ made its appearance in Strauss's *Life of Jesus* in 1835. Great as were the modifications which he introduced nearly thirty years later in his popular *Life of*

Jesus for the German People, the historical method had come to stay. It is not too much to say that in the century which has followed that epoch-making work no German Life of any importance has assumed the equal historical value of all the narratives contained in the Gospels. However far removed the conclusions may be from those which Strauss announced with such confidence, his challenge to the older style of naïve harmonization of narratives, and conformity to orthodox interpretation, has left a permanent mark. For two generations source-criticism was the subject of ceaseless debate in Germany, and it was only towards the very end of the nineteenth century that conclusions which had been reached in that country began with any confidence to be accepted here. Such historical and literary methods of analysis could not fail to influence those who set themselves to write lives of our Lord. David Smith's learned work, *The Days of His Flesh*, was hailed on its appearance as 'the new Farrar.' After nearly a quarter of a century we may add that it is likely also to be the last Farrar. For, with all its learning, it is based upon a method of treating the documents which has now gone, never to return. It asserts a complete independence on the part of each of the Synoptic evangelists, accounting for any resemblances by the now discredited theory of a common oral tradition. The preacher will still turn to this rich treasury of sacred lore for light on many a passage in the Gospels, for competent scholarship and spiritual insight are not often found so equally yoked in the service of exposition. But the modern student will seek in vain in this book for guidance on those problems which compel his attention as he tries to unify the data provided by a scientific examination of the documentary sources, or to distinguish between the divergent conceptions of the Kingdom of God found in our Gospels and to determine what was the mind of Jesus upon the momentous questions raised by that term and a whole group of related ideas.

The alert reader who is impatient of abstruse technicalities

but wishes to keep himself abreast of current interests in this subject has only to read Bishop Gore's little book in the Home University Library, *Jesus of Nazareth*, to find how much water has flowed under the bridge in less than a generation. David Smith and Charles Gore are probably at one in their beliefs about the person of our Lord and the historicity of those narratives which are most commonly called in question by the historian of Christian origins to-day. But even the general reader will be conscious, when Dr. Gore's book is in his hands, that he is approaching the study of the life and teaching of Christ by a very different route from that which he followed when Dr. David Smith or his English predecessors acted as guide. Let it be said once more to avoid misunderstanding: we are concerned now with a difference of method, not necessarily a difference in conclusions on the vital questions of the Christian faith. To-day we cannot treat every statement in any part of all the Four Gospels as indisputable history or as a literal transcript of the very words of our Lord just because it is found in the Bible. Literary analysis and the comparative study of religious ideas help us in our attempt to discover a sure foundation on which to build.

The third influence which has so profoundly affected this branch of literature may be called, for want of a more convenient term, the psychological interest in the Man Christ Jesus. Repelled by theological presuppositions, men have asked to see the Man who walked by the shore of Gennesaret, who hungered and thirsted, who was astonished at the rejection of His teaching, who was angry in the synagogue or in the Temple court, who wrestled in prayer and felt the fierce power of temptation, whose mood could change from sunny confidence to sombre anticipation of refusal and death. The disciples did not begin with the conclusions of the Council of Chalcedon, but with the experiences of Galilee and Jerusalem. Must not the disciple to-day (so men ask) come to Jesus as His first disciples did, and receive the

revelation through the medium of a perfect human life? The latest of the evangelists puts at the very end of his Gospel the credal confession, 'My Lord and my God.' Any study of the life of Jesus, therefore, which makes no dogmatic assumptions, but sets forth the events as the natural action and reaction of a human soul in harmony or in conflict with his environment, may gain the sympathetic interest of those who shrink from reading the Gospels, because they are accustomed to interpret that immortal narrative as the predetermined working out of a divine plan of salvation.

Psychology as a science is almost the creation of the last fifty years. The popular use of the jargon of the new psychology can be dated as post-war. But two books which appeared, one in 1863 and the other three years later, applied the psychological method, one to the life, the other to the teaching of Jesus, and thus started a long series of books of which the end is not yet within sight. Renan's *Vie de Jésus* burst upon a world which was either captivated or scandalized by the artistic imagination with which the sacred story was lived over again in the fair Galilean landscape or in the grim austerity of Judaea. The modern reader is indeed dull if he is insensitive to the charm of the exquisite French style, or if his pulse does not quicken to the beat of the eager enthusiasm of a writer whose inspiration came to him while the sea, the villages, the ravines, the mountains, were unrolled before his very eyes. None the less, we are often exasperated by a cloying sentimentality, by the suspicion that as a critic the author is not free from insincerity, and by the discovery that a faulty aestheticism has sometimes usurped the place of psychological interpretation. Both the charm and the weakness are well described by Schweitzer: 'Men's attention was arrested, and they thought to see Jesus, because Renan had the skill to make them see blue skies, seas of waving corn, distant mountains, gleaming lilies, in a landscape with the Lake of Gennesaret for its centre,

and to hear with him in the whispering of the reeds the eternal melody of the Sermon on the Mount.' In striking contrast to all this, marking the dissimilarity of national temperament, was Sir John Seeley's *Ecce Homo*. Dissatisfied with current conceptions of Christ, and finding that after reading a good many books on Christ he felt still constrained to confess that there was no historical character whose motives, objects, and feelings remained so incomprehensible to him, Seeley set himself a task. This, in his own words, was to place himself in imagination 'at the time when He whom we call Christ bore no such name, but was simply, as St. Luke describes Him, a young man of promise, popular with those who knew Him and appearing to enjoy the divine favour, to trace His biography from point to point, and accept those conclusions about Him, not which Church doctors or even apostles have sealed with their authority, but which the facts themselves, critically weighed, appear to warrant.' The book was confessedly a fragment, leaving over for the time the treatment of Christ as the creator of modern theology and religion, but asking and trying to answer the question, 'What was Christ's object in founding the Society which is called by His name, and how is it adapted to attain that object?'

More than thirty years after these two epoch-making books appeared, Dr. Sanday concluded his *Bible Dictionary* article on 'Jesus Christ' with these significant words: 'To write the Life of Christ ideally is impossible. . . . After all the learning, ability, and even genius devoted to the subject, it is a relief to turn back from the very best of modern Lives to the Gospels. And great as are the merits of many of these modern works, there is none which possesses such a balance and combination of qualities as to rise quite to the level of a classic. What is wanted is a Newman, with science and adequate knowledge. No one has ever touched the Gospels with so much intimate kinship of spirit as he. It should be needless to say that the Life of Christ can be written only by a believer. Renan had all the literary gifts—a

curiosa felicitas of style, an aesthetic appreciation of his subject, and a saving common sense which tempered his criticism; but even as literature his work is spoilt by self-consciousness and condescension, and his science was not of the best.' Can it be said that in the thirty years since these weighty words were written the long-looked-for religious classic has seen the light? Dr. Sanday's reluctant abandonment of his long-cherished hope to write a *Life of Christ*, for which all his earlier books were to be but preparatory studies, is a sign of the times. It is now clearly recognized that the subject is too complex for one man to compass it. We must be thankful for every partial study which enables us to read the Gospels with fuller understanding of all that they provide.

Before offering a brief sketch of some of the more important works in English which the last few years have furnished, I may perhaps be allowed to say a few words about the three most significant books in German in the last twenty-five years which bear the title *Jesus*. In 1906 there appeared in English dress a book by the distinguished New Testament scholar, Wilhelm Bousset, which had won considerable notice in Germany a year or two before. Even now, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, I should find it hard to name a *Life of Jesus* which more deserves a careful reading by the student who knows how to allow for the theological standpoint of the writer. Bousset was of the rationalist school of the dominant Liberal Protestantism which was at the zenith of its power just before the war. Yet this book is written with the warm glow of personal devotion, and in the closing chapter Bousset breaks through the bonds imposed by scientific criticism and declares that the history of man has said Yea and Amen to the apostolic witness that their Lord lived again and would be with them alway, even unto the end of the world. Ten years later, in the midst of the agony of the war, Paul Wernle, of Basel, author of a severely scientific little book, *The Sources of the Life of Jesus*, brought

out *Jesus*, a beautiful book, which unfortunately has never found an English translator. In the introduction to this study of the life and teaching of Jesus he lays down the principle that all historical study about Jesus rests upon two presuppositions : first, exact work in philological and historical criticism ; secondly, religious understanding. He emphasizes the importance of the first as a safeguard against the subjectivism which lies in the psychological method of approach. But he goes on to press the question, How can religion be understood without religion in the investigator? How is one to come anywhere near a religious genius such as Jesus with understanding, unless the soul beats in unison with all that is most delicate, beautiful, and profound? He then makes the confession, most courageous in this scholar trained in the rigid methodology of the German universities : ' I must honestly acknowledge that formerly I myself overestimated the value of the purely scientific and technical in this province.' Those who expect a thoroughly conservative treatment after this personal avowal will be disappointed, but the tone of the book is deeply religious. Another ten years passed, and Rudolf Bultmann, now of Marburg, well known for his extreme radicalism in handling the text of the Gospels, which reduces the history to the barest minimum, brought out a little book on *Jesus* in the series ' The Immortals.' This also has not been translated, and the style makes it exceedingly hard to follow the course of thought. Bultmann has become one of the most vigorous leaders in the school of Karl Barth. He is a portent, for, while that message is undoubtedly rousing German Protestantism from the impotence of rationalism to a sense of the living Word of God, its irrationalism is not without dangers of its own. In Bultmann we see a devastatingly negative criticism of the text of the Gospels driving him to a leap in the dark. But he does not repudiate his criticism. Without it he could not narrow down the teaching of Jesus to that of an eschatological prophet without metaphysics, without humanitarianism,

without mysticism, without apocalyptic speculation, who demands repentance (that is, surrender to the holy will of God, decision as the Kingdom of God was about to break in) at the peril of alienation from the distant God, who in moments of miraculous revelation shows Himself to be the present God.

To pass from Bousset and Wernle to Bultmann is to pass away from a sunlit landscape and to plunge into a dark forest. It is true that in the understanding of the great mysteries of the soul we walk by faith, not by sight. But though this writer emphasizes justly the thought that Jesus is the Bearer of the Word, one is led to ask whether it can safely rest upon so slender a foundation as Bultmann leaves us, not only in the events, but even in the recorded sayings of Jesus in the Gospels. A further question that rises in the mind is whether the Word of God is quite so involved a message as it appears to be when set forth by this vehement writer.

It is with some relief that you will return to this country and consider under the three heads already proposed the chief contributions to the literature about Jesus.

(a) Of the recent biographies of Jesus, those which have furnished most information about the historical and social background are by a Zionist Jew of Jerusalem, and by a professor of Chicago University. Klausner's *Jesus of Nazareth, His Life, His Times, and His Teaching*, is of value, not for any light that is thrown directly upon the personality or the teaching of our Lord, but for one of the fullest surveys we have in English of the political, economic, religious, and intellectual conditions of Palestine during the century before the destruction of Jerusalem. The story of the arrest of Jesus and the behaviour of the Jerusalem crowd during the trial before Pilate receives new meaning when we read the street ballad written at the expense of the Boethusian High Priests and their fascisti which Dr. Klausner quotes from the Talmud.

Professor Shirley Case's *Jesus : A New Biography*, while

containing much else that is of high value, is specially useful for setting the life in its historical relations with Jewish life in Palestine. It shows how important a factor the city of Sepphoris must have been in shaping the early thought of Jesus. When this city, within an hour's walk from Nazareth, was destroyed by the Romans because of its connexion with the insurrection of Judas, Jesus was a boy round about ten years of age. During His later boyhood and early manhood it was being splendidly restored by Herod Antipas, and became the 'ornament of all Galilee,' ranking next only to Jerusalem as a commercial and political centre. Did the young builder from the neighbouring village spend some of his early years in the work of rebuilding Sepphoris? When we think of Galilee as a hot-bed of revolt, we should remember that Jesus grew up in the one part of Galilee where the futility of that political madness was so clearly recognized that even in the war of A.D. 66 the inhabitants of this city, with its surrounding villages, refused to take part in the revolution. If these two books do not satisfy our demands in the estimate of the person of our Lord, they are both of immense value in helping us to reconstruct the world of life and thought in which Jesus grew up and spent his active years.

- Dr. Headlam's *Life and Teaching of Jesus Christ* might come under this heading, because of the admirable chapters which not only describe the geographical and spiritual environment of the early years, but also give much valuable information about the intellectual presuppositions of the Gospels. But it will serve also as a connecting link with the second class of books—those which help us to read the Gospels in the light of modern critical results or theories. We can think of no better introduction to the historical reconstruction of our Lord's life on critical lines, for students who are inclined to fear that criticism necessarily means negation, than the Bishop of Gloucester's unfinished book. But the fact that this volume breaks off at the Transfiguration, and that the writer fails to give guidance where the modern reader

suspects that our records are not literal transcripts of actual events, leaves one with a sense of disappointment.

The year after Dr. Headlam's book was published an English translation of a French scholar's work appeared—Dr. Charles Piepenbring's *The Historical Jesus*. This provides an interesting study in contrasts when compared with the book we have just considered. It is much influenced by Loisy's brilliant though erratic commentaries on the Gospels, but the writer allows far more importance to the personal factor as an element of Jesus' influence.

Schweitzer, in his survey of a century of investigation into the history of Jesus, marks three stages, registered by three successive dilemmas. First, with Strauss, *either* purely historical *or* purely supernatural. Secondly, with Holtzmann, *either* Synoptic *or* Johannine. Thirdly, *either* eschatological *or* non-eschatological. He might have learnt from the breakdown of Strauss's facile hypothesis of myth that even the first dilemma was not so clear-cut as was once imagined. We now see the historical element in the Fourth Gospel coming steadily into its own again. And, in spite of all Schweitzer's skill and eloquence, only a small minority of New Testament scholars are found to accept his theory of consistent and thorough-going eschatology as the true key to unlock the mystery of Jesus. One disciple, however, has risen up to construct a life of Jesus on the lines suggested by the Quest of the Historical Jesus. Dr. Warschauer's *The Historical Life of Christ* is therefore useful as a positive contribution in the service of a theory about the thought and purpose of Jesus which Schweitzer had only advanced by way of negative criticism.

In turning to the third and last class—those books which approach the life of Jesus from the avenue of psychological interest—we are once again reminded how impossible it is in actual practice to isolate a method. In 1923 an English translation of a book by a lecturer at the University of Geneva was published. M. Georges Berguer entitled his

- book *Some Aspects of the Life of Jesus* from the psychological and psycho-analytical point of view. But even in a book so definitely addressed to that aspect of the problem a considerable part of the introduction is given up to questions of literary and historical criticism. When, however, the main part of the book begins, we find ourselves plunged into all the appropriate nomenclature of the psycho-analyst, 'libido,' 'paternal imago,' 'family complex,' 'introversion,' 'ambivalence,' and all the rest of them. It says much for the good taste of the author that, with all the appalling possibilities that yawn at the very feet of such an investigator, he never falls over the brink. Readers may well differ in opinion as to the value of the book as a whole. My own feeling is that on some points, such as the Baptism and Temptation, and in the handling of some of the narratives of miracles, there are valuable suggestions for the discriminating student. In a book which professes to bring only this one method to the illumination of the Gospels but little can reasonably be expected where so much lies beyond the reach of the historian, to say nothing of the psychologist.

- The same limits were not imposed upon a well-known man of letters whose *Life of Jesus* was hailed with a chorus of eulogy from end to end of the land. Mr. Middleton Murry was greeted by the Dean of St. Paul's as having produced 'a sort of *Ecce Homo* for our generation.' 'It really sheds,' continued Dr. Inge, 'fresh light on the central figure of all history.' The *Nation* declared that 'since Matthew Arnold nothing so original has appeared in English theology.' The literary charm of the style is beyond question. But the three, and the only three original contributions which a careful study of this much-belauded book has been able to discover, are: (1) That it is certain that Jesus sinned, otherwise His submission to baptism at the hands of John would have been an act of humbug. (2) That the betrayal of Jesus by Judas was a ruse devised by Jesus and Judas in order to secure His arrest by His enemies. (3) That the words which

Jesus spoke on prayer and forgiveness, which Mark associates with the withering of the fig-tree and the cleansing of the Temple, are due to a recognition that His own anger in the Temple had been wrong, and that He was now awakened to a sense of His own exasperation. It is strange that originality of this sort should be welcomed in almost ecstatic terms. The real merit of this strange book is that it shows how the story of the life and words of Jesus can appeal to men who are turning their eyes wistfully to One whom they have never regarded with devotion. But the discerning reader could detect a tone in some pages of the book, notwithstanding the preface, which raised misgivings. In Illingworth's famous book, *Personality, Human and Divine*, there is a chapter headed, 'Moral Affinity Needful for Knowledge of a Person.' As Mr. Murry's book has enjoyed all the benefits of his literary prestige, and as it is accepted by so many as the final word on the subject for our time, one is bound to carry the inquiry further.

In his recent book, *God : An Introduction to the Science of Metabiology*, Mr. Murry devotes seventy pages to autobiography, and writes much more about his theories concerning Jesus. I do not think that it is unfair to say that the sum of the whole matter is : 'And now abideth Shakespeare, Keats, Jesus, these three : and the most interesting of these is—Middleton Murry.' If this seems uncharitable, let me read the paragraph with which the first part of the new book closes : 'That is the aim and purpose of this book. I have called it *God*, because it is concerned, almost wholly, though in progressively less and less familiar forms, with the reality for which great men have used that name. As the foregoing narrative bears witness, I have had an unusual experience of that reality. "God" and I, one might almost say, are a little tired of each other. It is time for us to part. This book is the story of the parting. It seems to me that we part on good terms, better, far better, than I should have ever imagined possible. The last possibility of my nourishing

resentment against him is dissolved away ; likewise the last possibility of his requiring worship from me. He becomes too vast to be my friend, too intimate to be my enemy.' Is it to a writer like this that we can come with the request, ' Sir, we would see Jesus ' ?

The theologians may dispute with weapons of sharpest logic about the critical canons that are to determine their interpretation of the sacred story. We may sometimes grow weary in our search for final assurance in the region of historical inquiry. But at least we know when we are brought within sight of the truth, and when our leaders are scholars whose very failures have made them humble of heart. Over against the arrogance or flippancy of the words just quoted let me read two extracts from two scholars of world-wide fame. First, we shall listen to Albert Schweitzer in one of the most brilliant and most exasperating books in the whole range of Gospel criticism. It is on this note that he closes his book. ' He comes to us as One unknown, without a name—as of old, by the lake-side, He came to those men who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same word: " Follow thou Me ! " and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfil for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings, which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is.' The writer of those words heard His voice, and followed Him to the edge of the primaeval forest, where for nearly twenty years he has been healing the stricken bodies of the natives of tropical Africa.

Our other quotation shall be from one whose judgement on many points of Gospel criticism is far removed from that of Albert Schweitzer. Every one here has read Dr. Glover's *Jesus of History*. Not all, perhaps, have read his great book *The Conflict of Religions in the Roman Empire*. The germ of the popular book is already to be found in the chapter ' Jesus of Nazareth ' in the earlier work. With all his skill in bringing

before our eyes the human figure of the Man of Nazareth, he does not forget the significant fact of—which Dr. B. W. Bacon reminds us again in his last and best book, *The Story of Jesus*—that there was a Gospel before there were the Gospels. The Fifth Gospel, the Gospel according to Paul, is our earliest written Gospel. Without the Christ of living experience there would never have been any interest in the Jesus of history. So let us close with these words of Glover: ‘If we are to give a true account of such men as Alexander and Caesar, we consider them in the light of the centuries through which their ideas lived and worked. In the same way, the life, the mind, and the personality of Jesus will not be understood till we have realized by some intimate experience something of the worth and beauty of the countless souls that in every century have found and still find in Him the Alpha and Omega of their being. For the Gospels are not four, but “ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands,” and the last word of every one of them is, “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”’

WILBERT F. HOWARD.

Institutional Christianity in England. By J. Gordon Hayes, M.A. (The Richards Press. 7s. 6d.) The Vicar of Storridge feels that the Church of Christ needs more spiritual and moral power, and sees that this is wielded by God’s Spirit. ‘The people need Christ, and His gospel has never failed.’ His hope centres in those young enough to have strength for the task, ‘though all Christians could show greater loyalty to our Lord.’ The decline in membership and in attendance at public worship is disquieting; but Mr. Hayes asks whether ‘this failure to attract the multitude is, in fact, a failure from the strictly Christian standpoint.’ He regards ‘institutional uniformity as a mechanical contrivance’ with which many are to-day wearied. His position is that ‘godliness, rather than religion, is the need of men; and much of our religion, because of its pagan composition, keeps people away from God.’ That may be true of extreme ritual, but it is not true of religion such as evangelical Churches know it. Whilst making full allowance for Christian feeling and conduct outside the Churches we may well ask what is doing more to awaken the natural man to his spiritual needs than institutional Christianity.

OUR PASSION PLAY, FROM BEHIND THE SCENES

Mrs. Watkins has lived in the Tyrol for many years, speaks the dialects like the natives, and is allowed behind the scenes as no other foreigner. Each central village has its own play every ten years and from these primitive beginnings the Oberamergau play has risen to international fame.—EDITOR.

THE Passion Play rehearsals had begun again. This fact first came to our notice when our washerwoman omitted to return the washing, and when it did come, a whole fortnight late, it was with an absence of table-cloth about it that roused our suspicions. There was, to be sure, a hastily scrawled note at the bottom of the basket, which informed us politely that we should have patience and our table-cloths would be returned to us without the wine-stains which at present marred their whiteness, and which took much time to efface. But we had heard of those wine-stains before. The table-cloths had evidently been requisitioned by the Play House.

Accordingly, on our next errand in the village on a Sunday afternoon, we dropped, in passing, into the large barn which is dignified by the name of Play House, and there, sure enough, the Passion Play rehearsal was in full swing. There also, sure enough, were our table-cloths, a pile of snowy whiteness lying in a neat heap on a trestle-table amongst the staging. Pieces of scenery were strewn incontinently about the stage ; in the foreground was a heap of tin helmets which would, in the first instance, adorn the heads of Pharaoh's men-at-arms, and, an hour or two later, would be needed for the Roman Guard, and protruding from the heap were the coils of a huge brazen serpent for the wilderness, a large trestle-table supported the stem of a cardboard apple-tree, against which in turn leant a battered cardboard, bearing the legend 'Wet paint,' and the scene in progress was Tableau No. 1, 'Adam and Eve in Paradise.'

Adam had evidently ignored the notice on the cardboard, and had, as in days of yore, gone too near the fatal apple-tree, for the strip of chamois which formed the main part of his costume had a verdant stripe all down it. He, however, seemed to be quite unconscious of this, and was posing admirably. It was on this trestle-table too that were piled our table-cloths. Presently we got hold of Adam in the wings. Adam is our washerwoman's son, and in ordinary life rejoices in the name of Hubert.

'Hubert,' we said, 'do you think we could have some of our table-cloths back, or do you think you need them all?'

'Well, I don't know,' said Hubert, scratching his head, and evidently in perfect innocence of the wine-stain fable. 'You see, Pater Cecilius knows what good linen is, and we wanted to give him a good choice for Act IX, "The Supper Table." I expect he will choose this'—and he fingered one gingerly—'but he should have a fair choice.'

The cloth in question was one that had come down from a great-grandmother's beautifully woven stock of household linen, and we should have preferred to have lent another; but it did not seem that this came into consideration. Also we could not help admiring Hubert's eye for linen—he had certainly selected our best specimen—and we could only hope that Pater Cecilius would prove to be less of a connoisseur.

Pater Cecilius, manager and mainspring of the entire play, and who had held that position for three decades now, had not yet come in, so we turned our thoughts for the moment from our table-cloths to the more important things in the Passion Play—the actors and their parts. There were little groups of the actors standing about in the semi-darkness, dressed in various items from the costumes of the rôles that had been assigned to them, and for the rest in the ordinary garments of everyday life; most of them presented a queer combination of both. In a group of men that I recognized as Ratbachers there stood, for instance, Pharaoh,

a steel coronet on his head, and the upper part of him draped in a short white tunic, from beneath which protruded a pair of good stout legs encased in baggy trousers of purely Tyrolese cut, and an equally uncompromising pair of hob-nailed boots. He was in heated discussion, about the sale of a cow, with another Ratbacher whom I knew of yore as Abraham. Abraham had not much to say except that three hundred silver florins was too much to pay for any cow, but, as though to make up for this sparsity of ideas, he harped on the one with an insistence that would have driven a less patient man than poor Pharaoh wild. The latter got warmer and warmer in the discussion and in the very close atmosphere of the barn, and pushed his coronet farther and farther on to the back of his perspiring cranium. Presently he called Jockel's son to his aid, and Jockel's son's opinion was that the cow was worth all of three hundred silver florins, in fact that Pharaoh, *alias* the village watch-maker, was playing the noble part of philanthropist by giving her away at that; and he flung his purple sateen cloak back over his shoulders with the air of one who knew. Jockel's son, in everyday and stage life respectively rope-maker and High Priest, was wearing the cloak of the latter official over the leather shorts, white shirt, and green braces that belonged to the former, and the whole was surmounted by a little round green Tyrolese felt hat that was set on his head at a knowing angle, and that lent an air of rakishness to his general appearance.

Abraham wavered at this pronounced opinion. What Jockel's son did not know about cattle was certainly not supposed to be worth knowing. The affair seemed about to be amicably settled, and accordingly our interest in the fate of Pharaoh's cow waned, and we descended to the stalls, where Praxmarer Peterl, as artist of the village, was giving a property cypress-tree a fresh coat of paint, and in the intervals of letting it dry was by way of practice 'making up' Pontius Pilate.

Praxmarer Peterl's ordinary vocation was housepainter, and his present undertaking, he assured me, and I easily believed him, required rather more finesse. Pontius Pilate set his teeth grimly, and his face was already plastered with paint. Half-way through the proceeding he expressed a hope that Peterl had not, as happened last time, forgotten the bottle of turpentine, which forgetfulness on the part of Peterl had necessitated him, Pontius Pilate, *alias* Rauch, the village hatmaker, returning to his home with a complexion which, though it highly gratified Peterl's sense of the artistic when surmounting flowing draperies under the limelight, could scarcely be considered becoming when revealed in conjunction with leather breeches and a homespun coat in the broad daylight of the village street. It had taken Rauch's wife and daughter the best part of an hour to remove the daubs, and finally the village barber and half a pound of soft soap and turpentine had been requisitioned before Herr Rauch had been restored to a fit state to hand round the plate in church the next morning, which happened to be a high holiday. However, as Peterl remarked when this old story was brought up against him, one is sometimes called upon to suffer in a good cause.

The other actors that were awaiting or rehearsing their parts were mostly collected in little groups from each village. Audorf, as head village of the little clan, had secured for itself the chief parts. And this had not been done without much reckoning and scheming.

Münstang across the river had been more than usually troublesome. For had not the Unterberger Kaspar, a fine figure of a man, and master mason, abstained from cutting his hair and beard since the summer of 1928, so that he might qualify for the chief part of all? Audorf had smiled complacently for two winters, still secure in the prior claims of its own candidate, who had acted Christ three times in succession, and whose figure, hair, and gentle bearing were certainly beyond comparison.

But then there had come a master stroke from Münstang. They across the river had perforce ceded the Audorfer candidate's prior claim, and then set about to put him once for all out of the running. The only thing they could get hold of was, it seemed, his politics. It was rumoured that he was a Democrat and a Christian Socialist. He had kept very quiet about these opinions, but, could he once be led to make a stand for them, it would surely work his undoing. To begin with, there was a ballot in the spring, and Audorf waited hopefully.

The ballot is, as in English constituencies, ordered to be secret, but, as does not occur in England, the country parishes are well taken in hand first by whichever party is favoured of the Church, and a holy fear is instilled into the hearts of the voters. When the ballot takes place the village priest takes his stand between the ballot-boxes, and, as each man hands in his paper, casts a scrutinizing glance at it, and passes it to the mayor for further perusal before it is placed in one or other of the boxes. Taking this into consideration, it is perhaps natural that into the box on his right-hand side several hundreds of the slips of paper flutter, while to his left go no more than could be counted on the fingers of one hand. And each of these is received with a scowl.

So, when Johann Rainer, peasant and landowner in the village of Audorf, sent his paper to the left-hand side, and voted Democrat against the opinion of his priest and his Church, there was, as might have been expected, trouble. To begin with, he received a particularly black look from his spiritual adviser. The Münstangers were jubilant. The odd trick in the game was theirs, and it behoved them now to score as high as possible. Although it seemed unlikely that a man who had thus voted against the decrees of authority would be allowed to retain the chief rôle in the play, it was decided by the Münstangers that his independence of spirit would be still more certain to spoil the Christ-actor's

chances could he but be brought to make a public stand for his opinions, perhaps even to commit violence. And certain the Münstangers wished to be.

Within a week of the election, therefore, a roughly scrawled message was handed to the Rainer peasant, which, when he had deciphered it in his slow and stumbling way, he found to be a politely worded request asking him to spare some of his valuable time to come over and mend the Münstangers' innkeeper's grass-cutting machine; it further suggested that Saturday afternoon would be a suitable time.

The peasant regarded this missive suspiciously. Polite notes are not customary between farmers in Tyrol. He had, however, no reason to connect it with anything in particular, so he shrugged his shoulders and, when Saturday afternoon came round, he donned his second-best pair of leather breeches and a clean blue apron, and started off. The machine, he found, did not want much doing to it; in fact, a thorough oiling was all that was needed to put it in working order once more, and he set about his job wondering why they should send for extra labour for so small a business.

Before he had finished, the window of the refreshment bar of the inn opened, and Unterberger Kaspar put his head out. 'Hullo, Rainer,' he called, 'what doest thou? Come in and have a drink.'

'Thanks,' replied Rainer, 'in a moment or two I will come.'

The window shut with a bang, there was the sound of laughter within, and, a short time later, Rainer entered the very much heated tap-room. First they gave him beer. Then they gave him schnapps. Schnapps is a kind of home-brewed brandy, which is very strong.

It was late in the afternoon before the conversation turned to politics. Rainer was encouraged to make a speech, which was politely received with murmured acclamation and grunts of approval. The peasant, warming to his

subject, made another. At this point there came into the tap-room a great brawny fellow, Müller Kurt by name, who stood over six feet on his bare feet, and was broad in proportion. He proceeded flatly to disagree with any point made by Rainer. This was too much for the peasant. Had not even the Münstangers seen there was reason on his side? Who, then, was this stripling to contradict him?

So Rainer stood up; in doing so he towered over every man in the room, the youngster before him included. 'Hold thy tongue before thy elders,' he shouted, bringing his fist down on to the table with a strength that jumped several beer mugs from the table to the floor.

The young fellow laughed loudly. Whereupon, Rainer picked him up by the seat of his trousers and a bit of collar at the nape of his neck, and put him on the other side of the door. There followed, as had of course been arranged, a free fight. The Rainer peasant had accounted for three black eyes and several broken heads when there fell upon the noisy assembly a hush that heralded the entrance of the Dekan of Reith. The dekan is a canon, and a very high personage indeed.

As Rainer regretfully told his wife next day, everybody seemed suddenly to be holding their heads and groaning. He himself was left standing alone in the middle of the room, with his shirt torn from shoulder to wrist, his head bleeding freely from a cut above the temple, and from that moment he knew that his chances for the Passion Play had vanished into thin air.

The Münstangers celebrated the event with great joy; certainly the victory was theirs. But they had made a mistake in playing their part too early, thus leaving the infuriated Audorfers six months or more in which to select and put forward another candidate, from where they cared not, so long as he was not Münstang and seemed likely to frustrate that rival's claims.

Two applicants for the coveted part immediately presented

themselves ; one was the builder from Rattenberg, Schraffl Tony, a well-set-up fellow, with a good head of hair which he wore short and curly, but which he professed himself willing to grow to appropriate length so as to qualify for the part. The other was the schoolmaster of Audorf itself, who had not thought it worth while to put in his claim while Rainer still held sway. He also, it seemed, was willing to let what hair he had grow to shoulder length, but it did not appear that he had very much at his disposal. His elocution, of course, would be better than most, yet his manner was, perhaps, a trifle pompous—more suited, it was declared, to the High Priest—and chief reason of all why he should not be burdened with any rôle to speak of was the fact that he was the only possessor of a top hat in the whole community.

Ten years before, at the last play, the same top hat, even then no longer in the unruffled sleekness of its first youth, had been a great success. It had bedecked its wearer as he stood at the bottom of the wooden steps of the Play House, dealing out programmes to all and sundry, and the feeling had then been that it lent dignity, a certain sense of aloofness to the scene, and there was no reason why it should not do so again. It was ten years ago certainly, but what is ten years in the life of a top hat ? In Tyrol a good hat is handed down from father to son, and the older the hat the prouder is the younger generation on coming into possession. Rumour had it that the Emperor wore in pre-war days, at royal funerals and weddings, just such a top hat as was owned by the Audorf schoolmaster. What more could one say ? Certainly the occasion of the Audorf Passion Play could not in future be considered complete without one. Thus it was decided that the schoolmaster should retain the rôle of top-hatted, black-coated importance personified, preferably to any part that could be given him in the play itself, and Schraffl Tony became the candidate on whom the Audorfers pinned their faith. And

Schraffl Tony it was, too, who came off victorious in the end.

It was rumoured in Audorf that the Münstangers dark plot had come to the ears of Pater Cecilius, with whom rests the final choice of the rôles, and that, while on the one hand he was determined to put down Christian Socialism, he had, on the other, disapproved but little less strongly of the methods the Münstangers had adopted to bring it to the light, and had therefore selected a third and non-combatant party.

But the full consequences of the ousting of the Christ-actor from his rôle by a jealous rival village were by no means at an end with the selection of another candidate. It had hitherto been considered only fair that the family which had been honoured by the chief part in the play should also find actors for the troublesome and long-winded part of Prologue and also, if possible, for the ignominious rôle of the Left-hand Thief. The peasant had seven brothers, and so these parts had always been supplied without a murmur. And now the mayor might look out for another Left-hand Thief—a wellnigh hopeless task, for Schraffl Tony had no brothers.

One thing our harassed burgomaster, the mayor of Audorf, with whom rests the primary responsibility of procuring for each rôle at least one suitable candidate, felt that there was to be thankful for: the rôle of Judas, least favoured of all, but now time-honoured for the washerwoman's husband, would be as usual satisfactorily filled. He would certainly require a little more of that expensive red-hair dye than last time, for a decade more or less, once a man has passed sixty, makes a certain difference to his hair. It would be the sixth time the old man had filled the rôle. And it would probably also be the last. Originally, it was said, he had been chosen for the part of Judas for the quantity of his naturally auburn locks, together with a certain aquiline turn to his nose that betokened Jewish origin not so very

far back in his family tree, and a terrible propensity he had, even in those days, for doing nothing, a propensity that had led him later in life to develop into the washerwoman's husband, and had provided him right from the start with plenty of leisure to study the somewhat lengthy rôle assigned to him.

There were three would-be Peters, and five would-be Johns. We of Audorf staked our hopes on the Hinterbergen weaver, a man of parts, for the rôle of Peter, as we secretly feared that Münstang would be successful for the rôle of John, and we envied them their refined-looking boy of drooping aspect and silken locks, who was sure to be considered so eminently suitable for the part.

The rôle of the Virgin Mary, Audorf claimed, and this time unopposed, for, by reason of her pure profile and her voice, there was no rival to little Veronika, daughter of the foreman copper-worker.

For the selection of the infant Christ and the little Moses there is still to be a baby show next week, at which Pater Cecilius is to preside. That Pater Cecilius's knowledge of the subject is limited was shown last time, when too young a specimen was selected, and quite regardless of the fact that it was the little son of another actor in the play. Thus, in the scene of 'The Three Kings,' the baby electrified the audience by greeting the last of the three with shrill cries of 'Dada! Dada!' As the baker's wife, herself the mother of six, remarked, 'What can you expect when the management of such a thing is left in the hands of a Pater Cecilius?'

But Pater Cecilius feels himself perfectly able to assume the entire responsibilities of the play, from the bringing out of the elocutionary powers of the Prologue, to the arrangement of the smallest detail of the Christ Child's garments, and the placing of every scrap of scenery. He is heart and soul in the play, and it cannot be said that his task is always an easy one.

At his entry into the Play House the rather desultory rehearsal was at once galvanized into life. The sale of cows was postponed to a more advantageous moment. Pharaoh adjusted his coronet, wiped his heated brow, and hunted round for his staff and other properties. Jockel's son, the High Priest, removed his Tyrolese hat, and conned over his part hastily. In a very short space of time the cassocked figure of Pater Cecilius was standing, prompter's manuscript in hand, at the top of a flight of steps backed against a vivid Eastern sky, from which coin of vantage he was, at one and the same time, hearing the Prologue's part, curbing Peterl's artistic tendencies, which were running riot on the cardboard frontage of Pilate's Palace, and shouting directions to Moses, who, with the aid of a Roman soldier and Adam, was trying to persuade the rusty workings of the drop-curtain to really let it drop. Yet the round face outlined against the gaily painted sky was placid in its calm, and seemingly unharried by the task of welding into a homogeneous whole the conflicting elements that go to make up our Passion Play.

Such was the last glimpse we had of the rehearsal. And when we got home we remembered that we had forgotten our table-cloths.

O. WATKINS.

Thy Servant a Dog. Told by Boots. Edited by Rudyard Kipling. Illustrated by G. L. Stampa. (Macmillan & Co., 5s.) Only Mr. Kipling could have got inside a dog and looked at life through its eyes in such a fashion as this. Boots lives with 'Own God,' his master, keeps an eye on Slippers and her 'Own God—Missus.' The two gods marry and by and by the dogs are introduced to a small person. 'It opened its own mouth. But there was no teeth. It waved paw. I kissed. Slippers kissed.' It is so funny and so true to what one may fancy a dog's world, that little folk will love their pets and understand them in quite a new fashion. The three papers are themselves pictures, and the illustrations are worthy of the text. Dogs are everywhere—at home, in the nursery, in the hunting-field; and always alive.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS: A SUCCESS OR A FAILURE ?

STRICTLY speaking, the term psycho-analysis denotes Freud's system only. That of Jung is 'analytic,' and that of Adler 'individual' psychology. Yet a term is needed to denote the movement as a whole, and since Freud was the originator of the methods which the others have now modified, and of the theories which they have re-stated in varied manners, it is convenient to call the whole psycho-analysis, and to indicate the points where the term is used to cover more than Freud's characteristic positions.

It was in 1893 that Freud made the first discoveries that led to his famous theories, and before the war he had gained fame on the Continent, but in this country little was known about the 'New Psychology' until after the return of peace and the resumption of relations with Germany and Austria. For the past ten years, however, a flood of articles and translations has made English readers familiar with the outlines, at least, of psycho-analysis. At first reception was hostile and incredulous. Freud's unrestrained emphasis of sex was an offence to the traditional British reticence on such topics. Gradually came recognition of the seriousness of Freud's contributions to psychological theory.

Enough time has elapsed for it to be possible to estimate the value of psycho-analysis at any rate to an extent in advance of any estimate that could be made of it in the days of its novelty. How far has the theory that underlies it been justified, and how far have its methods of healing brought relief to the patients who have been submitted to them ?

To deal first with theory, let us begin by asking what must be the verdict upon the doctrine which is the keystone of the whole, namely, the doctrine of the unconscious. It is still needful to protest that this is a hypothesis, and, like all hypotheses, 'under revision.' No man can know his own

unconscious, and anything he infers from the behaviour of others as to their unconscious mind is evidently an indirect proceeding. Moreover, the term has been used so loosely that anything not immediately before consciousness has been styled unconscious, and some writers seem to know more and more definitely about the unconscious than others of us profess to know about consciousness. Any subject on which knowledge is necessarily limited offers tempting chances for those who are fond of conjecture, and apt to forget the boundaries of hypothesis and fact. Yet, when all this has been recognized as it should be, it remains that the hypothesis of the unconscious has proved itself a useful way of approaching facts which met with scant justice from the older psychology and has enabled a distinct advance to be made. It is more than likely that we have misconceived the nature of the unconscious, and that further research will cause us considerably to modify present conceptions of it, but it does not seem likely that the hypothesis will be abandoned. To that extent, therefore, we may count it an asset of real importance in psychology. Where one is inclined to demur is in the estimate of its influence on consciousness. Freud holds that it is the dominant factor. He declines to use hypnotism or suggestion, because he says that these attempt to influence the unconscious through consciousness, and this is as futile presumably as to try to raise the level of the water in the gauge-glass in the expectation that thus the level in the boiler will be raised. The gauge-glass merely indicates the boiler level, which determines it. Similarly, consciousness indicates the unconscious which dominates it, and hence can in no way control it.

It is at this point that the practice of the psycho-analyst seems to contradict his theory. If we ask, How can the unconscious be reached and a complex within it be dissolved? we are told that the complex is analysed and the patient shown its nature, and that this usually helps him to get it placed into normal relation in his mind. In other words,

diagnosis also acts as cure. Leaving this for the moment, however, it is the dragging of the complex from isolation in the unconscious and bringing it to consciousness that cures it. Yet the conscious is said to be dominated by the unconscious. How, then, can the conscious recognition of a complex help to cure it? One can but conclude that the practice of psychotherapy contradicts the theory of the dominance of the unconscious. Freud has held to a rigid determinism at a time when that creed has been more heavily hit than at any other since first it was advocated on scientific grounds. His view of the unconscious as controlling consciousness is in keeping with determinism, and may therefore commend itself the more, but it is singularly lacking in support from the very facts which one would expect, were it true, to confirm it.

One may also confess to some scepticism regarding the various complexes, many of them named with unwitting humour from the sphere of mythology. The serious Freudian seems to think that every innocent infant has an Electra or Oedipus complex nestling in its poor little unconscious, an opinion that would be harmless enough if it were not for the fact that should the said infant at a later stage develop some neurosis, the theory will then be brought into practice and the alleged complex triumphantly be exhibited as the *fons et origo* of the business. Here we touch upon the greatest weakness of almost all forms of psychoanalysis, namely, the persuasion that the abnormal is the accentuated form of the normal. It is an error too gross to be allowed to pass with merely a protest. Normal exercise strengthens the heart; abnormal exercise injures it. Normal eating builds up the system; abnormal eating or gluttony poisons it. In these and in a score of other respects the abnormal works in a manner contrary to, and not in an accentuated form of, the normal. Freud assumes that in the abnormal we have merely a large-scale map of the normal, that its tendencies are those of the mind ordinarily, writ

large. There is no reason to doubt that he has found the state of things he describes in his patients. But that is no reason for building up a psychology of normal mentality upon this basis. I am glad to acknowledge the help that Freud's theories have afforded in the understanding of cases that have come under my notice. One neuropath, whom I questioned by describing some of Freud's diagnoses and asking if he had experienced such states, excitedly asked me how I possibly could have such knowledge of what he assumed were his own guilty secrets. Such an experience forbids one to dismiss Freud's views as the 'scrapings of the muck-rake drawn through the night life of pre-war Vienna.' But one may yet be obstinately unconvinced that they throw much light on the workings of the normal mind. Freud's celebrated 'Little Hans' strikes one as a thoroughly abnormal child, whose parents by suggestion put into his mind a great deal of the sort of symptom quoted as confirming Freud's views.

It is generally admitted now that Freud's emphasis on the factor of sex has been overdone. It is difficult to touch on this topic without raising prejudice, or being accused of being either a shameless wanton on the one hand, or the husband of Mrs. Grundy on the other! But one thinks Freud's chief error has been his treating the whole question too indiscriminately. The term sex covers two instincts, reproductive and parental. That it is possible to possess the one without the other, animal biology proves, and that creatures exist without the reproductive instinct is indicated by neuter insects. Moreover, there is a clear distinction between the pair in this: that the reproductive instinct demands a response for its completion, but the parental instinct is exercised often in the absence of any response at all, as the care of any helpless offspring shows. Freud has never shown sufficient appreciation of these facts. Consequently he has lumped together as sexual activities very diverse and widely differing functions, and in doing so has

created the impression that reproductive impulses have a great deal more importance than is actually the case, since most of his readers and not a few of his interpreters have thought almost exclusively of reproductive activity when speaking of the sex factor.

Still further, it is more likely that if we are to pick out one instinct, or group of instincts, as predominant, the self-preserving instincts must be chosen. They are universal, and ceaseless. The sex instincts are not absolutely universal and are intermittent. In their season they often abrogate the self-preserving instincts, but not invariably so, even with the lower animals. A trapper told me that every conceivable means had been used by him to try to destroy an old timber wolf which was a terror to the whole district. Poison, traps, guns, all failed. Finally a she-wolf, in the breeding season, was put in a cage so that any wolf approaching must be trapped. Several were caught, but the old and wily dog wolf, whose trail was always marked by a missing claw, torn off by a trap, was found to have walked round and round in the snow and finally to have gone away, too suspicious to enter the spot. That is a very interesting indication that in one case, even if in a rare one, the self-preserving instincts were too strong even for the insistent sex-appeal. We are by no means entitled to assume that everything gives way to sex.

The question of symbolism affords a further point with regard to which one may be permitted to express considerable doubt. That in dreams certain things are symbolic is inherently likely, for symbolism is deeply rooted in the mind of man, but the method of reading the various symbols is not a whit in advance of the methods of Joseph or Daniel. There may be an art of doing so, and both these worthies were renowned in that art, but there is no science of interpretation, and no evidence that any symbols necessarily have the same meaning in the dreams of all individuals, much less in the dreams of all people. Freud does not claim

to interpret any dream put before him, but only when he has had personal acquaintance with the patient and a chance of submitting him to analysis. It is hard to resist the inference that the clue to the dream does not come through any knowledge of symbolism, but through indications gained by the analysis. If any one cares to hold that the serpent is always a phallic symbol, there is no law to prevent him from so doing, but equally no reason why he should, except the *ipse dixit* of a distinguished psycho-analyst. A patient inductive research into the symbols of a large number of races might throw much light on the whole question, but so far that has not been attempted, and, in its place, doctrinaire generalizations have been airily pronounced and as lightly believed by disciples. That is not the method of science, and not an avenue likely to lead to truth.

Undoubtedly the work of Freud has done much to show that dreams have a significance the older psychologists never appreciated, but the celebrated theory of dreams as the fulfilment of wishes, usually suppressed wishes, has never been found sufficient support to give it place as more than a guess. If Freud had been content to say that dreams are essentially expressions of conative tendency, it would have been possible to agree with him. It is odd that he should quote his own dreams as evidence for this theory, for, if the theory were true, it would vitiate such evidence, since manifestly Freud's own dreams should express his wish to find support for his views. The whole business of dream interpretation is far too subjective to be satisfactory. The meaning of the dream depends on the outlook of the analyst, and the relating of the dream on the mind of the patient. Recollecting the inchoate and fragmentary character of my own dreams, I confess to some suspicion as to the long, detailed, and at least semi-consistent dreams that are quoted in books on psycho-analysis. If it is replied that the same imagination that retouches the dream also supplies it, it

still remains that the imagination is working under different conditions in the two processes.

To sum up : if it is asked whether the theory that underlies psycho-analysis has been established, the answer must be negative. But if it is asked what benefit has come to psychology from it, the reply should be that it has opened a new aspect of the whole subject by a series of brilliant hypotheses. It is an exaggeration to say that Freud deserves to rank with Darwin as a pioneer, but, none the less, though it is unlikely that much of Freud's work will remain, the path he has opened will not be closed. Perhaps the very controversial, not to say extreme, character of his views has been of use in stimulating notice and provoking reply. The doctrine of the unconscious is a field in which future work is likely to be most fruitful, and, when it is recollected that many of the older psychologists refused to recognize any such thing, the debt owed to Freud is undeniable.

It has been the fate of the pioneers from Moses downwards to lead where they may not go. It is difficult to think that most of Freud's views will be taken by the next generation as seriously as this generation has taken them, yet it is equally unlikely that the movement he initiated will collapse and disappear without trace. Freud's new-found land will be inhabited when his first settlement in it has been buried and forgotten.

The further question before us is one to which a very definite answer is not at all easy to give. Every new method of treatment can supply instances of what appear genuine cures, yet its actual therapeutic value can be tested only after a long comparison of successes, partial successes, and failures, and it is not possible to obtain enough evidence to give any final judgement upon the claims of psycho-analytic methods as means of mental healing. Whilst there are practitioners who follow Freud or Jung or Adler in a wholesale fashion, and apply the theories of their master to all cases, the better of the analysts are eclectic, and try to judge

each case independently of the rival theories of these pioneers. There have been not a few tragedies caused by the wrongful diagnoses of those who see in their patients a confirmation of some particular theory that has captured their imagination and treat them accordingly, whilst the whole treatment is, for that particular case, a gross mistake. For example, a lad known to me, who had been badly injured in an aeroplane crash, developed nervous trouble, and was sent to a medical man, who was a convinced Freudian. He ignored the accident and concentrated on the sex question. The lad concerned was a normal, healthy boy, keen on sport, and not specially interested in the opposite sex. The analyst told him that all his trouble was due to an unconscious sex urge, which he had repressed, and, as the lad would not agree to this, gave up the case, saying that he had diagnosed it correctly, but, as the patient was obviously unwilling to accept the truth, and a prude in such matters, he could not help. Happily the boy found a more sagacious adviser who, undoubtedly correctly, regarded the accident as the main cause, and was able to help him to the full restoration he has now attained. It is that type of theorizing that discredits psycho-analysis more than anything else. Those who consult any adviser on these points should remember that it is better to endure the ills of the complex than to get into the hands of an analyst without discretion.

Every analyst who is candid admits that he has many failures, and that some apparent cures relapse. Yet so must every ordinary medical man admit the same thing. It should be remembered that those who are not benefited in this way are often past help in any other, and we must not blame the analyst for failing with them. Moreover, psycho-analysis is a long process, needing much time for its proper carrying out. This means expense, and few are able to meet the cost in time and money of six months' almost daily treatment. The clinics do their best, but it is a plain impossibility for them to treat many cases as they should be

treated. Consequently, psycho-analysis for the poor is a rarity. Quoting individual cases of benefit or the reverse is not good evidence, but, as far as my own experience goes, about half the cases I have recommended to analysts can be said to have shown some benefit as a result. The rest were negative. I cannot say that any harm resulted, but the analysts in question were all men who could be trusted to use their discretion, and not indiscriminate enthusiasts for a particular system. In more than one case, the patient was declined as unsuitable for such treatment. Under such circumstances, my personal experience goes to show that analytic methods, whilst not a cure-all, do a definite though not invariable amount of good.

What undoubtedly is needful, though many analysts are not yet ready to admit it, is a measure of co-operation with the clergy. Some cases are at root moral and spiritual, rather than mental strictly. Others go to a minister when they need a medical adviser. The difficulty a minister who practises analysis has to meet is to know how far a physical element enters, as he lacks the medical knowledge needful to judge. Yet there are medical men who utterly ignore the spiritual element, whose own sympathies, perhaps, lead them to think that excepting in cases of 'religious mania' religion is not a factor, since it does not happen to count much in their own make-up, and resent the clergyman as a trespasser in a field which their profession jealously guards as belonging exclusively to itself. If a case comes into their hands in which the spiritual element enters, they disregard it, and fail to help in consequence. The attitude officially adopted to such a helper of the suffering as Sir Herbert Barker is a reproach to a noble profession, and allows the cynical to say that it prefers people to suffer rather than be healed by ways other than its own. The reply that there are incompetent 'bone-setters' who do harm is merely an argument to show that the medical profession should recognize and co-operate with the competent, allow them a

recognized qualification in their own sphere, and so keep their work within that sphere and exclude the 'quack.' It is on the same lines that there should be established means of co-operation between the clergy who are fitted to undertake such work, though by no means all are, and the medical profession, as regards mind healing. It is a cynical confession of our materialism that we still regard any man who has qualified years ago on the easiest medical qualification as fitted in law as a proper person to deal with any kind of mental disorder, even if he does not know what the word psychology means, whilst a minister who has made a life-long study of psychology, and holds University diplomas in it, is a meddlesome amateur in such work. If some patient who had been treated by him were to commit suicide, some coroners, as a recent case shows, would try to throw the onus on him, but if the patient had consulted the type of medical man concerned, his fatal act would be regarded as due solely to himself. This sort of thing cannot last. We are learning that healing is a much more complex matter than we thought, that the mental may have more physical effects than a genuinely physical cause, that there is no purely physical illness and none purely mental. All this is pointing to a new co-operation between the doctor and the minister, and an effort to organize a unity of healing effort. If psycho-analysis leads towards this, it will have done a very real service. At the same time, it must be repeated that not every minister has qualifications for such work, and, if the Church claims her share in such a task, she must seriously consider the question of entering upon it in a proper manner, perhaps by providing clinics, or setting apart men capable of undertaking such work, and duly qualified for it. If it be granted that psycho-analysis produces a certain number of genuine cures, a fact not disputed here, it remains still to say whether those cures are due to the causes to which the analysts attribute them. On one point I confess to a certain scepticism. Freud does not employ suggestion, but is it

possible to exclude it? The patient goes to a celebrated analyst. He hears of his cures. He pays for a long and elaborate course of treatment. If all this does not create a suggestion in his mind, whatever the analyst does, it would be almost a miracle. If once we admit that it is impossible to exclude suggestion, what part does it play in the cure? After all, the method of the analyst is to diagnose the complex, or whatever it is that he considers the mental obstruction, and, having done so, the patient is asked to recognize the diagnosis as correct, and thus to be able to overcome the trouble. Virtually, diagnosis and cure are identified. But should that be thought to be so? May it not be that suggestion plays a much larger part than either the patient or the analyst imagines? It is difficult to resist the impression that it must do so, and in this case the cure may be, in part at least, due to suggestion. If so, psycho-analysis owes some of its success to a source it refuses to acknowledge, and must be reckoned as another example of an old method of therapeutics rather than a wholly new method.

It does not seem likely that there should be a point of contact between psycho-analysis and the clear, cool thinking of Spinoza, yet a remark of his seems to have anticipated the teaching of Freud. 'An emotion' said he, 'which is a passion ceases to be a passion as soon as we form a clear and distinct idea of it.' If it be true that diagnoses of passions, unconscious or otherwise, resolve them, it is but an application of these words. It is the merit of Freud to have given to this saying such clear and fruitful meaning. To the critics of his methods we may well retort, What do you substitute for them? To say that we should 'not think about it,' is futile in any case, much more so if it is the unconscious which harbours the complex. If such advice could succeed, it would result merely in aggravating the process of repression which already has been at work, with evil result. Freud has at least opened a new way, and in the absence of any serious alternative, it has a right to be tried.

Prophecy is a dangerous trade, yet, if one is to hazard on it, probably the net result of the psycho-analytic movement will be the creation of a body of analysts, eclectic in their views, who will apply the method best suited to the particular case, quite untroubled by the origin of it. They will no more succeed with all than do their medical confrères with bodily sickness, but they will at any rate offer to a class of people who need more help and sympathy than they generally receive, a way of hope and a chance of cleansing that may lead to health of mind, and, in its measure, of body too.

E. S. WATERHOUSE.

The Philosophy of the Good Life. By Charles Gore, D.D. (John Murray. 10s. 6d.). That was the subject which Bishop Gore chose for his Gifford Lectures, and they make a volume of extraordinary interest as well as real practical value. Aristotle held that the State exists for the sake of the good life, and everywhere some standard of a good life is found. Dr. Gore pays high tribute to Zarathustra's ideal, but finds Buddha's secret of enlightenment by getting completely rid of individual life utterly abhorrent. The ideal of Plato as to a good life being based on divine principles which must not be violated stands out as one of the noblest views on the subject. But it is the teaching of Christ, in the form it went forth into the world, that is beyond comparison lovely. The Epistles give exactly the same paramount place in the good life to humility—Godward and manward—and to brotherly love as do the Gospels. They demand the same combination of unresisting meekness with inflexible courage and audacity in the face of the world. The Christian view of the world Dr. Gore holds to be the most rational view which man can entertain, and the Christian creed has proved itself to be in the highest degree effective in producing the good life. He also finds one of the deepest reasons for believing in Christianity to be true in 'the evidence of those who throughout the centuries have shown themselves to be real and whole-hearted Christians.'

THE CENTENNIAL OF 'SARTOR RESARTUS'

ONE hundred years ago, Thomas Carlyle was living in seclusion at Craigenputtock, creating bit by bit the personality of that most remarkable of German professors, the Herr Dr. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, and meditating upon the now famous 'philosophy of clothes.' The result was a volume which, through a succession of titles, finally came to be known as *Sartor Resartus*. Its history is complicated. It came into being by a slow process of experimentation; its title was revised and re-revised; it appeared first as a magazine article section by section, then as a privately published volume of fifty-eight copies of offprints from the magazine types, and finally as a book printed and published in its own right. Its anniversary, therefore, may rightly be called movable. In its first form it was written between January and August 1830. During 1831 it was revised and expanded. Between November 1833 and August 1834 it appeared in *Fraser's Magazine*. The real first edition was printed in Boston, U.S.A., in 1836. The first English edition appeared in 1838. The 'poor beast' had indeed 'a sore fight for it; so many years struggling to get his head above ground, up out of the mire.'

In 1830, Carlyle, at the age of thirty-five, had scarcely made even a start upon his life's work. He had been at the University of Edinburgh, had tried schoolmastering and abandoned it, had considered the ministry and found it was not for him, had read a bit of law and turned from it in disgust, had served as a translator, and had done task-writing for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia*. Had he died in 1830, he would have left behind him a number of translations from the French and the German, a few biographical sketches and criticisms—nothing, in short, that many another man could not have done at a much earlier age. He was

unsettled, discontented, dyspeptic, and bilious, with a considerable conviction that the world was not appraising him at his true value. The more unpromising his circumstances, however, the surer he seemed to feel that he was a genius who had yet a vital message to deliver.

Notwithstanding his poor prospects, he had married, on October 17, 1826, Miss Jane Welsh, the daughter of a well-to-do Haddington physician, and the two had 'taken up house' in a modest little home in Edinburgh, where he continued his task-writing, and resolutely set himself to produce a first outstanding work. This, strange as it now seems, was projected as a romance, a story of disappointment in love. Carlyle laboured over it with grim strength and determination, but all to no avail. The love scenes, the casual conversations, turned inevitably under his hand into philosophical disquisitions. In the midst of the seventh chapter he threw over the attempt, and *Wotton Reinfred* remained a fragment, unprinted until 1892.

Meanwhile, the resources of the young couple ran so low that in May 1828 the Carlyles retreated to Craigenputtock, the ancestral domain of the Welshes. Craigenputtock is 'a high moorland farm' lying in solitude sixteen miles from Dumfries. 'The manor house, solid and gaunt, and built to stand for centuries, lies on a slope protected by a plantation of pines, and surrounded by a few acres of reclaimed grass-land—a green island in the midst of heathery hills, sheep-walks, and undrained peat-bogs.' As Carlyle wrote to Goethe, it is 'one of the most solitary spots in Britain, being six miles from *any* individual of the formally visiting class.' For months together, Carlyle and his wife never saw the face of guest or passing stranger. So still were the moors that sheep could be heard nibbling the grass a quarter of a mile away. It was a going out into the wilderness, sure enough, but for a man like Carlyle it was seemingly the only way to achievement and fame.

Out of such circumstances sprang *Sartor Resartus*, Carlyle's

most original work, the seed-bed of all that he did later. He struck out its first form in his thirty-fifth year, that age which then, as during centuries before, was looked upon as the half-way point of life. The three score and ten was already menacingly in view, and he had as yet accomplished nothing of importance. We should bear in mind that Dante likewise was thirty-five when he found himself astray in the savage thicket of this world, and turned to the production of his masterpiece. It is not difficult to imagine the state of mind of a strong man like Carlyle, conscious of power and yet baffled in the attempt to find the right outlet for that power. By most people, Carlyle was at that time regarded simply as an eccentric person who had successively abandoned every profession which he had attempted. It was the dark hour before the dawning, and the hour was destined to be long.

Craigenputtock was an admirable place for solitary meditation; there a man could at least 'loaf and invite his soul.' Carlyle, however, was never able to loaf, and he was eating his heart out; but, in spite of everything, he could not escape from the silent influences of the Craigenputtock scene. The far views, the wide stretch of the heavens, the very silence wrought upon him. He squared himself again to write a masterpiece. 'My last considerable bit of writing at Craigenputtock,' he tells us, 'was *Sartor Resartus*; done, I think, between January and August 1830 . . . nine months, I used to say, it had cost me in writing.' With Scottish thrift, he salvaged as much of *Wotton Reinfred* as he could weave into the new work.

On August 4, 1831, with his manuscript in hand, he set out for London to seek a publisher, only to be sorely disappointed. James Fraser, instead of offering money, demanded £150 to publish the book. Longmans refused to consider it. John Murray, on the recommendation of Francis Jeffrey, agreed to publish a short edition of 750 copies on the 'half-profits system,' and actually began

putting the manuscript into type. Then Murray changed his mind. We may sense Carlyle's attitude from a letter of October 21, 1831, to his brother John. 'As to *Teufelsdröckh*, I may conclude this first section of his history in few words. Murray, on my renewed demand some days after your departure, forwarded me the manuscript with a polite enough note, and a "criticism" from some altogether immortal "master of German literature," to me quite unknown; which criticism (a miserable, dandiacal *quodlibet*, in the usual vein) did *not* authorize the publication in these times. Whereupon, inspecting the paper to ascertain that it was all there, we (my good Lady and I) wrapped all up, and laid it by under lock and key, to wait patiently for better times, or, if so were ordered, to the *end* of all times; and then, dispatching a very cordial-looking note to Murray, wound up the whole matter, not without composure of soul. . . . Thus Dreck may perhaps be considered as postponed *sine die*.' In December 1831 he reported that he was 'again among the booksellers,' but on January 10, 1832, informed John that with the manuscript he believed he could 'do nothing.' In April 1832, baffled at every turn, he once more retreated to the Craigenputtock wilderness.

The next full word we have of the rejected manuscript is in a letter of Carlyle's to James Fraser, May 27, 1833. 'Most probably you recollect the Manuscript *Book* I had with me in London; and how during that Reform hurly-burly, which unluckily still continues and is like to continue, I failed to make a bargain about it. The Manuscript still lies in my drawer; and now after long deliberation I have determined to slit it up into strips, and send it forth in the Periodical Way; for which in any case it was, perhaps, better adapted. The pains I took with the composition of it, truly, were greater than even I might have thought necessary, had this been foreseen: but what then? Care of that sort is never altogether thrown away; far better too much than too little.' The upshot of the negotiation was that Fraser paid Carlyle

£82 and one shilling, plus fifty-eight offprints bound in book form. On January 21, 1834, after two instalments had appeared, Carlyle was grimly chuckling to John. 'James Fraser writes me that *Teufelsdröckh* meets with the most unqualified disapproval; which is all extremely proper. His payment arrives, which is still more proper.' Mrs. Carlyle from the very first pronounced it 'a work of genius,' but for a long time few agreed with her judgement. Carlyle used to say that Father O'Shea, a Catholic priest in Cork, and Emerson in Concord, were apparently the only other persons in the world who saw anything in the book. 'I sent six copies to six Edinburgh Literary Friends; from not one of whom did I get the smallest whisper even of receipt—a thing disappointing more or less to human nature,' wrote Carlyle in his *Reminiscences*. 'And now,' he wrote to his brother Alexander, when the first English edition was going into type, 'he [*Sartor*] is actually getting up; and will breathe, and live as long as is appointed him; a day, or a year and a day, that is of no moment; simply *as long as it is given him*, which is just the *right* longness.'

Few men have had a harder struggle than Carlyle to find their best medium of expression. *Wotton Reinfred* revealed to Carlyle that he had little creative ability. At no time, seemingly, could he have written a long and sustained work of fiction. After *Wotton Reinfred* he left the writing of novels to others. He tried his hand at poetry, also, and it is characteristic of him that ever afterwards he spoke rather disparagingly of both fiction and poetry. The contrast between the style of *Wotton* and that of *Sartor* is striking. That of *Wotton* is the style of a man uncertain of his thought and intention; that of *Sartor* is the style of an author who has struck his gait. Indeed, when he turned to the ruse of editing the autobiographical fragments of Professor Teufelsdröckh, he hit, as if by a stroke of genius, upon the plan best suited to his nature and his purpose. He thus opened the way for touching lightly upon any topic, and likewise

provided the opportunity to bind the fragments into a semblance of unity.

Into a semblance of unity, I say; for so skilfully pieced together is the whole that its discursive nature is not immediately apparent. The manner of composition Carlyle himself summarized in a letter of January 21, 1831, to his brother John. 'Will you go to Fraser and get from him, by all means, my long paper entitled *Thoughts on Clothes*. . . . I have taken a notion that I can make rather a good *Book*, and one, above all, likely to produce some desirable impression on the world even now. . . . I can devise some more biography for Teufelsdröck, give him a second deeper part, in the same vein, leading through Religion and the nature of Society, and the Lord knows what. Nay, that very "Thoughts," slightly altered, would itself make a little volume first (which would encourage me immensely) could any one find any Bookseller, which, however, I suppose one cannot.' The present Book I. of *Sartor* seems, therefore, to be a revision of the original 'long paper' submitted for publication in 1831; Book II. the result of devising 'some more biography'; and Book III. the 'second deeper part in the same vein' as that of the original 'Thoughts on Clothes.' The manner in which the book was produced was prophetic of the struggle Carlyle had in devising plans for several of his later works. The *French Revolution*, the *Cromwell*, and the *Frederick* were all hammered and forged into being, with stress and strain and after much experimentation. It was seldom that Carlyle's works rose into being like Aphrodite from the foam; usually they had to be wrought laboriously into form; whence, perhaps, the many groanings which accompanied the most of them.

Such was the manner of *Sartor*'s production. What, we may ask, is the nature of the book, and what its present significance? Carlyle can help us to an answer. It may be said, indeed, that Carlyle's estimates of his own works are always illuminating and usually correct. 'I mean to make

an artistic picture of it,' he said of the *French Revolution*. 'It all stands pretty fair in my head,' he wrote again of the same, 'nor do I mean to investigate much more about it, but to splash down what I know in large masses of colours, that it may look like a smoke-and-flame conflagration in the distance, which it is.' All critics of Carlyle's method of portraying the French Revolution should bear those words in mind. Of the *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell* he felt that 'about a half' was his own work, and that he had made Oliver 'legible really to an unexpected extent : for the book took quite an unexpected figure in my hands ; and is now a kind of life of Oliver, the best that circumstances will permit me to do.' 'On the whole,' he wrote of his last great labour, 'it is evident the difficulties to a History of Friedrich are great and many : and the sad certainty is at last forced upon me that no good Book can, at this time, especially in this country, be written on the subject. Wherefore let the reader put up with an indifferent or bad one ; he little knows how much worse it could easily have been !'

It is well for us, then, to listen to one of Carlyle's early estimates of *Sartor*. 'It is put together in the fashion of a kind of Didactic Novel ; but indeed properly *like* nothing yet extant : I used to characterize it briefly as a kind of "Satirical Extravaganza on Things in General" ; it contains more of my opinions on Art, Politics, Religion, Heaven, Earth, and Air than all the things I have yet written.' We need not press beyond this description. *Sartor Resartus* is a treasury of thoughts upon things in general. Open at what page you will, you lay hold upon one of Carlyle's opinions. The whole work is autobiographical in a far truer sense than mere adherence to fact. 'Mythically *true* is what Sartor says of his schoolfellows,' remarks Carlyle, and at other times he refers to incidents in the book as facts in his own life. Even Teufelsdröckh's 'six considerable Paper Bags' with their 'miscellaneous masses of Sheets, Shreds, and Snips,' for many years a source of amusement to readers of *Sartor*, were

found to be, upon the publication of one of Carlyle's letters in 1904, a Carlylean method of keeping notes. 'I have tried various schemes of arrangement and artificial helps to remembrance,' he wrote to Alexander Scott in 1845. 'My paper-bags (filled with little scraps all in pencil) have often enough come to little for me.' Knowing such facts and knowing intimately Carlyle's history, one is able to trace the many ways in which *Sartor* reflects the story of its author's life.

Students have carefully assembled Carlyle's statements in regard to the genesis of *Sartor*; they have sought diligently for its sources; they have followed the stages of its development. My own opinion is that its genesis cannot be found at any one point. Carlyle's entire past life is the material out of which the text is woven. One need not go far afield for the predominant notions; they stand out distinctly in the work itself. There is the passage quoted by Carlyle from Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, wherein is a plain statement of 'clothes philosophy.' Falstaff's remark, 'When he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife,' seems to have taken powerful hold upon Carlyle's fancy. Mr. Ashley Froude, who as a boy, to the age of eighteen, often accompanied his father and Carlyle on their walks and drives, tells me that very often Carlyle would stop to point out a certain man and refer to him as 'a forked radish with a carved head.' Finally, there is the passage from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, the moving words of Prospero:

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

It would not be difficult to make a very good case in favour

of these three passages as the substratum of *Sartor Resartus*. So evident is this to any careful reader that I shall not dwell further upon it.

It is easy, also, to follow the steps by which Carlyle arrives at his insistence upon wonder, reverence, awe. For him the visible things of the universe are but symbols. We must not be deceived by the outward sign, but penetrate to the thing signified. Thus even a sorry sight may reveal something of splendour. 'For my own part, these considerations, of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of hearts, it tailorizes and demoralizes us, fill me with a certain horror at myself, and mankind; almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows, which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking), in the meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless, there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappages; and sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, "a forked, straddling animal with bandy legs"; yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.'

Carlyle's own sensations were abnormally acute. To him the natural was indeed the supernatural. Nothing in all Carlyle's writings appeals to me more than the revelation of his acute sense perceptions. If to live fully is to be intensely aware of existence, then Carlyle lived abundantly. 'At mid-day I walked with my mother on the moor. It was really as if Pan slept. The sun and sky were bright as silver; the seas and hills lay round, and noise of all kinds had entirely hushed itself, as if the whole thing had been a picture or a dream, which, in fact, the philosophers tell us it properly is.' So he wrote to his wife, September 13, 1845, and the letter is just what we should expect from the man who, as young Teufelsdröckh, had experiences like the following: 'On fine evenings I was wont to carry forth my supper (bread-crumbs boiled in milk), and eat it out of doors. On the coping of the Orchard-wall, which I could reach by climbing, or still more

easily if Father Andreas would set up the pruning-ladder, my porringer was placed: there, many a sunset, have I, looking at the distant western Mountains, consumed, not without relish, my evening meal. Those hues of gold and azure, that hush of World's expectation as Day dies, were still a Hebrew Speech for me; nevertheless, I was looking at the fair illuminated Letters, and had an eye for their gilding.'

Not things, but the significance of things, appealed to Carlyle. Hence his fear and distrust of science, which concentrates upon things, upon the material universe. He shrank from the implications of scientific hypotheses and discoveries. 'The other morning,' he records in his journal, June 29, 1868, 'a pamphlet came to me from some orthodox cultivated scholar and gentleman—strictly anonymous. . . . The many excerpts, for I read little of the rest, have struck me much. An immense development of *atheism* is clearly proceeding, and at a rapid rate, and in joyful exultant humour, both here and in France. Some book or pamphlet called *The Pilgrim and the Shrine* was copiously quoted from. Pilgrim getting delivered out of his Hebrew old clothes seemingly into a Hottentot costume of *putrid tripes* hugely to his satisfaction, as appeared. French medical prize essay of young gentleman, in similar costume or worse, declaring "We come from monkeys." Virtue and vice are a *product*, like vitriol, like vinegar; this, and in general that human nature is rotten, and all our high beliefs and aspirations *mud!*' Nor will it be forgotten how, towards the end of the Sage's life, Huxley crossed the street to speak to him, only to be greeted with the remark, 'You're Huxley, aren't you?—the man that says we are all descended from monkeys.'

At this point Carlyle often contradicts himself. No man preached more zealously than he the necessity for casting off 'Hebrew old clothes' in whatever department of human thought. Religion, he was fond of saying, 'in unnoticed nooks is weaving for herself new Vestures, wherewith to

reappear, and bless us, or our sons or our grandsons.’ He preached this doctrine zealously enough, but it seems, after all, that he feared the times of transition. The new vestures, like new fashions in wearing apparel, did not please him. The comfort of ‘ old clothes ’ appealed to him too strongly. He seemingly forgot Milton’s assertion that often the first appearance of truth ‘ to our eyes bleared and dimmed with prejudice and custom, is more unsightly and unpalatable than many errors.’ He dreaded the necessity of adjusting himself to the change. Such contradictions, however, are not sufficiently numerous or significant to vitiate the general tenor of his work.

It is not for consistency, for strictness of logic, that we should look in *Sartor Resartus*. The book is a rhapsody, a meditation upon existence. It is the work of one who was filled with wonder that man is at all ; of one filled now with awe, now with disgust, now with weariness as he felt with Wordsworth

the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world.

I venture to say that almost every searching question about life that man has put to himself finds voice in *Sartor*. And yet, when I have said this, I must ask that the book be not taken too seriously. Some readers, evidently, have considered it as the revelation of a prophet, a work of plenary inspiration, and at least one man has annotated it as carefully as if it were Scripture, as if every word of it, every jot and tittle of it, were inspired. This is too much. The author himself had far too much humour to think over-seriously of his literary efforts. He knew how to laugh at himself and his work far more than he has yet been given credit for. In fact, *Sartor Resartus* is of itself sufficient to entitle Carlyle to a place among the world’s greatest humorists. If I were calling the roll of the humorists—Aristophanes, Lucian, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Rabelais, Cervantes,

Swift, Thackeray—I should most certainly feel compelled to call the name of Thomas Carlyle. He has the manner of the greatest.

Does such a work have any value for those of us who are living in the hurry and the bustle of this very practical present? I think it has. In spite of all our inventions, in spite of all the ease and luxury of modern life, in spite of all our medical discoveries, our problems remain essentially what they have always been. Age steals upon us, sorrows and pains touch us, death hurries us away. Still the questions of why and wherefore and whither confront us. As long as we continue to wonder about our origin and our destiny, as long as we feel 'this intimation of a vaster yearning,' so long will *Sartor Resartus* appeal. As long as we acknowledge the mystery of existence and seek to penetrate it, this volume will remain one of our text-books.

Along with many I have recently read Sir James Jeans' *The Universe Around Us*. One thing in it impressed me above all others. Sir James, after explaining what the new physics has to say about the annihilation of matter, remarks: 'If this conjecture should prove to be sound, not only the atoms which provide stellar light and heat, but also every atom in the universe, are doomed to destruction, and must in time dissolve away in radiation. The solid earth and the eternal hills will melt away as surely, although not as rapidly, as the stars:

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve . . .
Leave not a rack behind.

And if the universe amounts to nothing more than this, shall we carry on the quotation:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep—

or shall we not?' When I reflect upon such words from one

of our greatest mathematicians and astronomers, I conclude that, if the last speculation of a distinguished modern scientist is only a falling back upon the Shakespearean quotation which underlies much of Carlyle's wonder at the mystery of existence, then I may well continue to speculate with the good old Dr. Diogenes Teufelsdröckh; for, when the discussion have ended, he seems to come almost as near as the learned Sir James Jeans to the solution of the ultimate question. The old German philosopher and the modern English scientist are both peering through the same window into the abyss of the Unknown. ‘On the hardest adamant,’ exclaims Teufelsdröckh, ‘some footprint of us is stamped in; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But whence?—O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; Faith knows not; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.’ It is good to keep that thought in mind, and, because Carlyle helps us to do it, we should continue to read *Sartor Resartus*.

WALDO H. DUNN.

. . .

The Eternal Shakespeare. By Cumberland Clark. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6d.) We have a great Shakespeare library, but this volume by the Vice-President of the Shakespeare Reading Society fills a unique place. It regards the dramatist as without a rival in the whole world of letters, and considers the man and his work from many points of view. The tributes of his contemporaries are well brought out, and the chapter on pre-Shakespearian drama helps us to follow the course of English comedy and tragedy from the mystery-plays, the moralities and interludes, down to Marlowe and Shakespeare. His genius is seen in his universality and the fact that he never loses touch with realities. No writer has bestowed immortality on so many characters, and their counterparts are living among us today. He borrowed largely, but he adorned everything that he touched. The Stage of the time is described, we see Shakespeare's London, and have an interesting account of his moral and religious views. ‘He personified the Christian virtues in the heroes and heroines of his plays, and drew a sharp line of contrast between them and the wrongdoers, the villains of his plots, to whom retribution almost invariably came.’

THE DEAFNESS OF BEETHOVEN

WHAT pages have been written on this subject ! Without considering the literary developments, too easy to formulate, which come so naturally to one's mind in presence of a seemingly implacable and cruel destiny, we here see one of the greatest musicians who ever lived—perhaps the very greatest, in one aspect—banished in his very youth, and in the full glow of his artistic nature, from that world of sounds in which the best of his life was being worked out ! It may be that musical enthusiasts lost nothing thereby, for the catastrophe afflicted Beethoven alone, and failed to check the mighty torrent of his genius. Some have even been so bold as to assert that this affliction rather added to his powers. . . . But how this unhappy man suffered ! And how can we help feeling the keenest sympathy when we consider that, instead of losing courage, he unflinching continued his task and was totally deaf when he composed his greatest works, each succeeding one grander than its predecessor ! . . .

We do not intend here to consider the questions which many of those who have merely dabbled in music ask themselves. They wonder how a musician can continue to compose when he no longer hears the music or knows the effect produced by his works when being played, when he no longer hears himself, as he composes on the piano. This seems to them almost as inconceivable as an artist continuing to paint after becoming blind.

There is, however, another class of critics who are equally presumptuous. These know quite well that the work of composition is wholly cerebral, and that it can be carried on without the aid of any instrument. Some great musicians—though very few—never learned to play the piano. All they needed was paper and pen, once they knew their business and could express their interior imaginings in the

appropriate medium. Others, again, going to the opposite extreme, consider that Beethoven's musical genius—especially his artistic personality—grew and developed from the very fact of his isolation from all other music than that which was born in his own soul.

Dr. Marage, in a recent contribution to the *Académie des Sciences*,¹ even went so far as to suggest that Beethoven's deafness, though a cruel affliction, was actually of service to him [!], seeing that his finest works were written from the time that he became stone deaf. All the same, in a recent lecture at the Collège de France on the same subject, this doctor loyally threw overboard his hypothesis after corresponding on the subject with Romain Rolland. The author of *Jean Christophe* had no difficulty in proving to him how conjectural was this hypothesis. Beethoven was a composer before he became deaf: even in this latter condition he was able to reconstruct a piece of music by simply reading the score. And finally, what was even more convincing, when in 1927 on the occasion of his centenary there was performed in Vienna a youthful work of his (a composition dedicated to Leopold II which he had never wished to publish), it was easy to find in it all the indications of his genius, including themes which he subsequently utilized in other works. At the age of twenty, while still under the influence of Haydn and Mozart, the whole of Beethoven's work was actually potential in that mighty brain of his.

What is more interesting to us in the research work of Dr. Marage is the information we acquire as to the nature of Beethoven's deafness. Dr. Marage is one of the keenest contemporary advocates of the science of sound, both from the physical and from the physiological point of view. His long experience in aural medicine makes him specially qualified to interpret the symptoms described—as regards Beethoven's deafness—in the various documents that we

¹ *Comptes rendus de l'Académie des Sciences*, cxxxvi, 1928, p. 110.

possess, and to define successfully that particular form of deafness with which we are now concerned.

In the first place, what are the documents to which we have access? Already the Germans have fully explored the subject. All the same, the most recent of their many and substantial volumes, in which we see signs of a more rigorous critical acumen, agree that we must regard as valueless many of the accounts given by Beethoven's contemporaries, who spoke merely by hearsay and more or less contradicted one another. In France, also, we have the excellent biographical study of Prod'homme, in which we find prudence combined with erudition.

There are only two documents which really can be admitted as evidence: first, the well-known Heiligenstadt will; second, a long letter written in 1801 to a friend. In this letter he described in considerable detail the successive stages of his infirmity. These documents are conclusive, for they are entirely in his own handwriting.

Born in 1770, Beethoven would seem to have enjoyed excellent health in his younger days, although his pathological heredity was anything but favourable. His ancestors, indeed, include heavy drinkers, madmen, and consumptives. During early youth, he does not appear to have had any ear trouble at all, not even the mild issue that succeeds acute otitis, which affects the ear drum, such as is fairly often witnessed in children after measles, scarlatina, influenza, &c. The aural passage (external ear) and the tympanum (middle ear) were thoroughly sound and remained so throughout, as Dr. Johann Wagner discovered from the post-mortem examination. We shall see very soon that Beethoven's deafness had its seat really in the inner ear.

It is in 1796, when Beethoven was twenty-six years of age, that the first symptoms of the trouble appear. We learn from his correspondence that, when everything is silent, he can actually hear strange sounds, of a vague buzzing and whistling nature, and very annoying.

Two years later, he complains that he can no longer hear shrill or piercing sounds. The left ear was the first to be affected. He imperfectly hears the high notes of the soprano, while the high notes of the instruments are quite inaudible. Things go from bad to worse. In 1810, Beethoven has difficulty in hearing human speech, especially consonants, which are shorter in utterance. He can no longer follow a conversation without fatigue.

He still hears the various instruments of the orchestra. Soon he can hear the notes played on a harpsichord only by pressing his ear upon a wooden cylinder touching the cover of the instrument.¹ He attempts to make use of ear-trumpets, the better to listen to what is said to him. He finds, however, that this method rather aggravates his deafness. Nor is he mistaken, for, at this stage of the inflammation, any violent stimulation of the auditory organ merely accelerates the process. From this time onwards, he requests his interlocutors to write down in a note-book—which he hands to them—what they have to say. As is well known, these famous note-books have come down to us. How much more interesting if we could also have had Beethoven's answers! His own speech was unimpaired, though he spoke in somewhat low tones, like all deaf men.²

In 1814, at the age of forty-four, he cannot hear the orchestra when he is conducting. Nor can he hear the voices of the singers. His deafness is complete and absolute. The buzzing and whistling does not stop, it even increases in intensity. He is worried by these piercing interior sounds, and yet it is then that he writes certain choral parts in so high a register as to be almost impossible to sing, such as the series of A sharp in the finale of the 'Choral Symphony.' It is in this state of mind and body that the unhappy genius

¹ This cylinder was the ancestor of our stethoscope.

² It is well known that the popular expression '*crier comme un sourd*' (to shout like a deaf man) is simply a perversion of the original proverb '*crier comme à un sourd*' (to shout as to a deaf man).

composes his greatest works, the final 'Quartets' and 'Symphonies' and the 'Mass in D.'

This evolution of Beethoven's deafness leaves in the mind of Dr. Marage no doubt whatsoever as to its nature. It is neither of the two forms of ordinary deafness: inflammation of the middle ear and sclerous otitis. In the former (accompanied by suppuration and the more or less complete destruction of the bony labyrinth), it is the low and the high sounds that are the first to disappear. In sclerous otitis, the low sounds disappear, whereas the high sounds are heard with exaggerated keenness. The very opposite of this takes place in the case of Beethoven, as Dr. Marage remarks.

On the other hand, when the trouble begins with 'interior sounds,' buzzing and whistling, this is wholly characteristic of inflammation of the inner ear, i.e. it affects the labyrinth and the acoustic centres of the brain.¹

Can anything be conjectured as to the origin of this inflammation of the labyrinth? Dr. Marage thinks that there can, and regards as its cause the extremely grave pathological heredity of Beethoven, of which mention has already been made. He adds that the great musician was not always of exemplary sobriety, that he frequently drowned his sorrows and his private grief—with which we are so well acquainted—in the flowing bowl. It is known that he suffered from a disease of the liver, complicated by hepatic and renal sclerosis, a condition largely intensified by the abuse of alcohol, culminating in dropsy, which made tapping often necessary towards the end.²

¹ It is because sulphate of quinine and sodium salicylate, when absorbed, are found present in the liquid of the labyrinth that these two medicaments, by irritating the terminal expansions of the acoustic nerve, produce whistling and buzzing sounds. Elderly sufferers from malarial fever have been made deaf by quinine.

² When Dr. Seibert made the first tapping and released twenty-five pounds [*sic*] of liquid, Beethoven, in his relief, joyously exclaimed: 'You are like Moses, who struck the rock with his rod and caused a spring of water to gush forth.'

This alcoholic impregnation, often found in those with an hereditary alcoholic taint, even though they really have not indulged to any great extent—no one has ever stated that Beethoven was a drunkard—was bound to intensify the disastrous tendencies of the brain, and consequently of the acoustic centres.

Dr. Marage, following a suggestion of Romain Rolland, offers another explanation of a more delicate nature. Beethoven had great power of concentration. He said himself that he was able, by a violent mental effort, to become no more than an 'idea,' conscious, at such moments, that he was wholly unencumbered by his own physical body. This would appear somewhat strange, did we not know that it is an exercise practised by Hindu fakirs when aspiring after 'isolation of soul' [?], whereby they succeed in inducing at will a state of lethargy or catalepsy. Now, these practices are extremely dangerous. In the convents of fakirs where such training takes place, so violent a congestion of the brain frequently befalls the youthful aspirant that death may supervene.

Was Beethoven acquainted with these practices, and, by indulging in them, did he bring about habitual congestion of the cerebral endophloeum, to the extent of disorganizing the acoustic centres already undermined by inflammation of the labyrinth? I simply mention this hypothesis—a hazardous one, it may be, although not without a physical justification.

An affection, however, of his acoustic cerebral centres, in so far as their rôle in the perception of sounds is concerned, left intact the creative powers of the brain, which enabled him to conceive combinations of sound, this notwithstanding the interior obtrusive sounds which might have been a disturbing element. It is known that Schumann, during the latter part of his life, heard an A which never ceased. This incommoded him greatly, though it did not check his powers of composition.

Schumann was not deaf, though, had he not died comparatively young, we could not say whether this condition of his inner ear might not have brought him to the same destiny as Beethoven. He died insane.

Another great musician, Smetana, became deaf in the same way, from inflammation of the labyrinth, during the last ten years of his life ; but this did not prevent him from composing some of his finest works during this period. He was perpetually troubled by a strange sound which, he said, filled his head, and which he compared to the roaring of a cataract. He also died insane.

Was Beethoven himself perfectly balanced, quite apart from the question of real madness ? At all events, according to his contemporaries, he was of a very odd disposition. Violent outbursts of anger alternated with fits of misanthropy and of moral depression. His penchant for alcohol—since this cannot be denied, alas, any more than in the case of Schubert—was not calculated to improve his mental condition nor to ameliorate the organic degeneracy bequeathed to him by his ancestors.

Let us, however, rather look upon him as abnormal than as insane. But is not genius essentially abnormal ? Some have declared genius to be possibly a happy form of mentality which, if not unbalanced, is at least based upon an equilibrium out of the ordinary. It may be so, though this does not adequately constitute madness in its definitely medical signification. Schumann and Smetana, duly confined and in a state of delirium—without counting Donizetti—ceased composing (at all events, we have no specific knowledge that this was the case), whereas Beethoven to his last hour was in full possession of his genius and master of his creative faculties. On his death-bed he thought out an oratorio which he intended to call *Saul and David*.

The accusation of insanity is a gratuitous insult which many creative artists have had to suffer at the hands of those who did not understand them ; and Weber himself

won no great credit for himself when he wrote, after listening to the 'Symphony in A,' that Beethoven was now ripe for the lock-up. This reminds one of Schopenhauer, who said that the insane are those who are confined in order that those on the other side of the prison wall may be regarded as in full possession of their faculties.

We simply state that in Beethoven an intense cerebral over-activity—and here we may mention those exercises in externalization, after the mode of the fakirs, of which I have just spoken—must have kept his encephalic nervous centres permanently congested : a most injurious condition for his cerebral auditory organs, already so debilitated.

Was the isolation resulting from his deafness favourable to the development of his personality and the expansion of his conceptions, which, towards the end, reached cyclopean proportions ? As I have said, Dr. Marage thought so for a time. Romain Rolland does not, and I am of his opinion.

Perhaps some will think that to include a genius in the list of pathological cases would be to degrade him. At all events, this would be of no importance to humanity, which profits by his discoveries. Nor would it even be a correct statement. Think of the calm life, the magnificent physical and moral sanity of a John Sebastian Bach ! I prefer to see in such cases a form of that psychic state so often described by Musset in many of his poems where he states that suffering led to sublimer conceptions than did joy :

Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,
Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de purs sanglots. . . .¹

Still, all this is perhaps but literature, or, more specifically, romanticism. Beethoven, who was so great an admirer of Goethe—though the sentiment was not reciprocated—was assuredly not lacking in this romanticism. Without being deluded by words, however, Beethoven, like all great

¹ The songs most full of despair are the most beautiful of all ; I know some immortal airs that are just sobs and nothing more.

neurotics, passed through alternating crises of despair and exaltation. In both alike, he was an equally potent magician, and he was totally deaf when he composed the 'Eighth Symphony,' pregnant as it is with the rhythm and joy of life. . . . Assuredly Musset exaggerates. . . .

The deafness of Beethoven was perhaps connected with his peculiar cerebral condition, and was even in all likelihood intensified by this latter. All the same, deafness added nothing to his creative powers, though it has been asserted that solitude constitutes the most favourable soil for their growth and development.¹

Assuredly he was melancholy, as he had every justification for being—how strange that the deaf are sad and the blind gay—he was neurasthenic in all probability, and alcohol-poisoned, alas, both through his own fault and because of disastrous hereditary influences. None the less he remains a genius, one of the greatest that mankind has produced, not only by reason of the musical quality of his work, but from the loftiness of thought which inspired it. He was sad, incurably sad, even when offering to others works of joy; sad because he was deaf, sad too because he was alone and isolated in the sphere from which he dominated the world. But mountain peaks, says Nietzsche, are fated to remain in solitary isolation. . . .

RAOUL BLONDEL.

Translated by FRED ROTHWELL.

¹ A state of quiet meditation is favourable to intellectual creation. Still, there are well-known exceptions to this rule. Mozart wrote 'Don Juan' in an inn, amid considerable noise and shouting. It is said that Victor Hugo never felt more inspired than when alone in Guernsey. But was he really alone there? And must not account be taken of the growing maturation of his brain as the years succeeded one another?

PERSIAN ART

FEW things are more impressive to a reflective mind than the irrelevance of time to nature on the one hand and to the creative spirit on the other. The sun moves on its orbit heedless of the mechanical clocks that tinkle out their recognition of its meridian, and the stars will set the course of the voyager with an equal indifference to his place in the calendars of history. On the other hand, when man's mind expresses itself in any creative activity, time as the vehicle of a conscious evolution ceases to have any meaning. In so far as his mind gathers the fruit of a fecund originality of spirit, he will defy any immobile background of experience to explain him. We can identify the original artist with all pioneering souls who have always sought to escape from the clogging routine of history, and shall recognize him even in the strange disguises of distant climes, because he expresses for us, amidst all that seems dead and all that shall ever come into life, the secret and inviolate continuity of our desire. To the artist, as to the seer, chronology is unmeaning. In all great art we can discern a universal friendliness. When primitive man imprints upon the walls of his dwellings rude yet masterly images of the animals he hunts, he establishes his kinship with us more surely than any anthropologist can do. We detect immediately the arresting similarity of line between the prehistoric drawing in a Dordogne cave and a Japanese print of Korin in the eighteenth century, and our instinct has not misled us, though our knowledge may be faulty, when we mistake an early Mongol Persian drawing for a page of Rembrandt's sketch-book.

It is this quality which divests the present Exhibition of Persian Art at Burlington House of any excessive strangeness, and gives to us an unexpected air of being much-travelled connoisseurs, though we may have voyaged no farther east than the Island of Sheppey. We expect to

find an exhibition that is overwhelmingly foreign, and discover one that is strangely familiar. Indeed, here is its danger. So much of Persian ornament and design has been conventionalized for us through the cheap imitations of our manufacturers, and we can now acquire an 'Eastern atmosphere' in our suburban drawing-rooms for a trifling expenditure, that a real and exact appreciation of its greater qualities is apt to be slurred over, and a merely casual renewal of acquaintance take the place of a severe aesthetic appraisalment of its beauty.

Something of this feeling arises from the fact that Persian art in its later and more familiar periods is Islamic art. Islam made every culture her creditor, and proffered a generous receptivity to any attitude of mind that had influenced mankind. If she was soon to become intolerant to her contemporaries, she remained intensely hospitable to her precursors, and Judaism, Madzaism, Christianity were all welcomed in her Pantheon. She is at the same time aridly legalistic and subtly mystical; withered with a dry scholasticism and terrorizing by a prophetic fanaticism. Despairing culture, she found herself compelled to learn the artistic alphabet of the empires she destroyed, and accepts for her tutors the craftsmen of Constantinople; strikes her coins with the dies of the Persian Empire, even though they bear the engraved image of the last of the Sassanian kings.

Here Islam was, perhaps, the child of her peoples. In Iran and Arabia we discover, for centuries previous, an art that was essentially derivative. The Iranian nations especially had lost much of their individuality in their contact with other civilizations; and when the Persian Empire had established itself upon the Bosphorus, on the one hand, and reached to the banks of the Indus, on the other, she accepted the cultures she found, rather than imposed any fresh and commanding genius upon them. If we except her skill in jewellery, we can hardly find a new artistic

impulse during the whole of the Achaemenian period. Even the exquisite glazed-brick friezes from Susa—Shushan, the palace—of which there are such wonderful examples in the present exhibition, have their prototypes in Babylon.

Persian art is thus the key to the historical movements of the Middle East. The contacts with older civilizations—Assyrian, Iranian, and Byzantine—can be recognized in the successive phases of their painting and architecture, whilst the less easily assimilated motives gathered from the invading hordes of the North distinguish the later schools of Herat and Tabriz. The Christian elements are explicable when we recall the complete toleration which the Church enjoyed under the Abbasid caliphate. They established their churches and monasteries in Baghdad, and their festivals became popular events with the Arab populace who thronged the gardens of their churches to look at 'the young deacons and monks with their handsome faces.' So we are not surprised to find in the earliest Arab MS.—the Al-Hariri in the Bibliothèque Nationale—illustrations that are identical in treatment with contemporary Coptic illuminated MSS., whilst the conventional representation of a tree in the Schaefer Al-Hariri is repeated in a lectionary of the Jacobite Church.

Lacking this creative impulse, it was too much to expect that Persia could arrest the decline of the civilizations she dominated. It is a nerveless hand which carves the desert monuments of the Sassanian kings; so that they cease to impress by their violent force, or subdue us by their serene calm. No longer are his heroes engaged in an uncompromising struggle with the brute creation, seizing the spectator with a shuddering thrill as he watches the tense yet unequal combat, ending with dramatic force when the lion is transfixed by the hunter's arrow as the beast leaps to tear him from the chariot. The Assyrian was always conscious of this unending struggle of man with brute nature, though never fearful as to its result. It explains a little that lust for cruelty which characterized his rule and is reflected in

his art and gives significance to the strange monster, the man-headed bull, in which intelligence finally asserts its mastery over blind and pitiless force. With the Persian, this violent expressiveness and deeper significance is lost, and at Persepolis the bull has degenerated into a merely ornamental device. Even when the rocks of the desert are hewn into immense rectangular palaces, they fail to achieve the monumental grandeur of Egypt. That fertile instinct which demanded that the sun should sculpture their immense forms into harmonious planes of shadow and light no longer inspires the architect's vision. Instead, we have an endless series of recurring figures, so that their friezes possess no more aesthetic significance than a row of council houses in a city suburb. For two hundred years Persia strove to rekindle the embers of the dying civilizations at her side, but only succeeded in silencing for another thousand years the voice of her own authentic art.

Through that thousand years we can see the old forms persisting. If we trace the pattern upon a marble relief of Choesroes II at Tak-i-Bustan we shall find it repeated, centuries later, in a silk brocade or a gold coin. But this persistence is a sign of weakness and not of strength. It is the decay of a civilization which is too poor to offer the opportunity to personal initiative and masterful individualism to stamp a variety upon their wares; there is no individual freedom and spontaneity of ornament such as we see on the Greek vases, whose beautiful design and perfect shape remains unsurpassed. A new impulse was needed, and that impulse came with Islam. With a contagious enthusiasm, the Creed of the Desert launched itself upon a conquest of the earth and galvanized into a new activity the spent energies of weary peoples. Knowing no art, it remained completely indifferent to the buildings within which it worshipped. It will obliterate the divine face upon the dome of Santa Sophia, banish the altar and crest and *mihreb*, and then lose itself in ecstasy, or prostrate itself

at the hour of prayer in the rudest building and ennoble it with its own sublime faith. And when at last it desires magnificence it has initiated a spiritual revival which will make possible a new Renaissance of culture in that world of ancient forms. Creating nothing itself, it gave the power to its disciples to create everything.

But if Islam created nothing, she perfected everything. The forms she borrowed—Berber or Coptic, Assyrian, Persian, or Indian—never degenerated in her hands, but were repeated with an intenser striving for perfection. The writing she found painfully carved on impermeable stone, or written upon the fugitive papyri, acquired at the hands of her calligraphists a new and memorable character. She took the interlacing ornaments cut into the scattered monuments of her subject tribes and wove them into new and amazing patterns, using her alphabet to space out the geometrical line and expressing an exquisite sense of ornament within the abstract forms of the arabesque and polygon. The simple coverings that had been thrown about the tents of nomad tribes were transformed by the weavers of Ispahan and Samarcand into the sumptuous carpets that are the delight of the connoisseur. Upon the earlier Sassanid arch, her architects engrafted a myriad stalactites, repeated them through a thousand pillared alcoves, and created a sense of deep, impenetrable mystery that is as impressive as the far spaces of the desert.

In all this there was one supreme motive—pattern. Everywhere pattern is imposed upon the vacant spaces of their buildings, the pots they use, the books they read, and the garments they wear. They accept the buildings as they find them, and treat their surfaces as spaces upon which their designs are to be laid. The Moghreb builders might have left their mosques as bare as the temples of Egypt, but they filled the walls and canopied roofs with their stylistic inscriptions and weaving arabesques. Denied the privilege of representing the world of living beings, they sought to

express their virile imagination in these wreathing forms, so that the unending complexities of life should be expressed in their perforated *mihrebs*, gold and ivory inlays, or intricately wrought tapestries. Within their palaces and mosques they forbid the austere spaces of the desert to command their spirit, but, instead, re-create in the language of their ornament the fabled gardens of their dreams. Here the interlacing tendrils challenge eternity by forming themselves into an unending arabesque, and the geometrical line is wrought with a finer tenuity than the gossamer thread of the spider. It is this which creates its fascination for us. We are enmeshed—bewildered, if you will—in its sinuous complexity. A restless and unending series of lines discloses to us the confessed richness and variety of life, keeping at bay the ascetic spirit of the desert, and bids us hold in more equable poise the claims of the one and the many. Outside, upon the slender minaret, the voice of the *muezzin* will call, in the thin air of the sunrise, 'Allah is one,' but, within the cool depths of the temple, we kneel in the presence of that infinite variety and luscious richness of the life he created.

Essentially the art of Persia is the art of the miniaturist. So it is in jewellery, glass, but, above all, in illumination, that its art finds its most lucid expression. Splendid as are the lustre tiles and the early glass, if it were not for the paintings, Persian art would probably become largely an affair of the curious and the archaeologist. But Persian painting blossoms with a sudden strange exotic brilliancy, and enshrines within its passionate dream the luxuries and desires of the Orient.

Apparently we may not know how or when the art of the painter began. Its origin seems to be as obscure as the origin of evil, and, since MM. Blochet and Cumont cannot agree, the question may be regarded as insoluble. There are vague traditions of Mani, and poets celebrate his astonishing draughtsmanship and imaginative power. Recent discoveries suggest that this tradition may be a sound one, and

there are definite traces of the influence of Manichæan art upon the early Persian painters. But the earliest school of painting in Persia—the so-called 'Baghdad school'—is not Persian, but Christian, a school of Nestorian or Jacobite painters working for the caliphs of Islam, and illustrating their MSS. with drawings of Old and New Testament history. This Christian tradition continues for a long period, and even when the Mongol influence was strongest we can still note a survival of Christian elements.

It is much less easy to determine the extent of Mongol influence. Persia lay midway between East and West, and, from a very early period, Chinese works of art had found their way into Persia; and we have considerable evidence that Chinese works of art were familiar to Persian artists. But what is even more important is the character of the Mongolian influence, and this is not easy to estimate, since there is little of this period that survives. From what does survive we may, however, see that it reasserted the place of the long, flowing line and revived the old Sassanian tradition, which had been obscured by the workers of the Baghdad school. If we compare some drawings in an astronomical MS. in the British Museum (Arab 5328) with some of the Sassanian silver-work of the seventh century, we cannot fail to be impressed with the continuity of the design. But, whilst it revived the value of the flowing line as the chief element in its decorative scheme, it lost the strong, bright colour of the earlier period. Silver which time has darkened was very largely used instead of gold, and the result is that the miniatures of this period of Persian painting are low in tone and of a uniform greyness of colour.

The purely Chinese influence left no permanent mark upon Persian art, and the invasion of Timur wrought a complete change in the political condition of Persia and initiated a new school of painting which is generally characterized as the Timurid school. Eclectic in the best sense, it embraced traditions of the purest Mongolian character along

with influences which recall the Greek vase paintings. But, despite the wide range of its sympathies, it reveals a definite character, and the Timurid school gives a definitely new impulse to Persian art. That new impulse lay largely in the new and expressive strength in the drawing of the face, and was initiated by Bihzad, a new and revolutionary spirit in Persian art.

Bihzad is often referred to as the Raphael of the East, in the sense that Raphael represents in the popular mind the most notable development of Renaissance art. Yet in a deeper sense it is true, though it might be truer to refer to Raphael as the Bihzad of the West. But there is in both artists the same sense of dramatic composition, the rhythmic harmony of the masses moving with each other in the profoundest harmony of colour; the same essential synthesis which seizes upon a thousand scattered facts of nature and welds them into a harmonious whole. There is the same genius in portraiture, where the mind seems to be held captive within the solid forms of the flesh; in the simple palette, where black and silver, white, red, and green predominate; the same perfection of line; the same astonishing vitality in the figures. Recall, if you will, the portraits of Maddelena Doni in last year's Exhibition of Italian Art, and then compare it with two of Bihzad's most famous portraits—'The Dervish' or the 'Portrait of Uzbey Mohammed Khan.' In both these portraits you have the same intensity of expression, achieved with the utmost economy of means. The eyes and the nostrils with their incisive mastery of line; the simplicity in the realization of the plastic quality of the figures, which is achieved without sacrificing their intense and living quality. It is of little importance that we should estimate their respective merits; it only matters that we should realize that, in their respective world, they revealed the harmony between the living spirit and the external form.

Mirak and Sultan Muhammed rank after Bihzad as the

chief painters of the sixteenth century, but both were much more influenced by the older traditions. They reveal the same power in a calligraphic fineness of line, but their figures lack the vitality and personal quality of Bihzad. Unfortunately Shah Tahmasp instituted an Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, and the painting that had survived the onslaughts of Genghiz Khan and Timur was unable to sustain itself in face of this new menace. The decline was rapid, and it was accelerated by the grandiose efforts of Shah Abbas and the Riza Abbasi school, in which all that is finest in Persian art is lost. It is the art of the rich *bourgeoise* dominated by a shah who desired to use art as the means of obtaining fame; but, unfortunately, whilst he had the wealth, he lacked the taste of the Medici, so that Riza Abbas becomes the Bougureau, rather than the Botticelli, of Persian painting.

Realism and representation, the evil genius of art, has been responsible for most of the bad painting of the world; but, perhaps it never defaced quite such a rare flower of artistic genius as in Persia. For nothing in the genius of that art accords with realism. Its spirit is essentially decorative, and everything in the world of appearance is captured for this purpose. They take the clouds, the sea, the trailing festoons of flowers, and combine them into subtle harmonies of form, so that nothing remains but the rare essence of their imaginative power. Each separate element was recalled through memory, and its image evoked by the activity of the artist's mind, and, in the subtle harmonies of pattern, only what was essential in the individual form remained. Of the world of pure sense nothing remains, and at the heart of the greatest complexity there exists a profound simplification of each separate element. Supremely it is an art of the intelligence, and as such it must be appreciated and studied.

ARTHUR B. BATEMAN.

THE MYSTERY OF MARIE CORELLI¹

I

A BRILLIANTLY gifted writer, Mr. Hugh Kingsmill (that is not his real name), sent me recently his book, *Invective and Abuse*. In it are recorded instances of the hatred and hostility existing between this and that eminent person. That I turned its piquant pages with interest I admit, for some of the persons included were known to me, but my prevailing thought was one of sadness that authors of note could make an exhibition of themselves by pouring vitriolic abuse on each other.

Had I the time, I should like to compile a volume witnessing, not to the acrimony and animosity between certain authors, but to the love and loyalty which other authors bore to each other, and that made some literary friendships very beautiful. Not a few such friendships could be instanced, but here I mention only the brotherly relations between two men, Swinburne and Watts-Dunton, and the more than sisterly love between Marie Corelli and Bertha Vyver. Invitations to lunch, to dine, sometimes to sleep at The Pines, often came to me; and, in our walks and talks together, Swinburne spoke again and again of the love and gratitude in which he held Watts-Dunton, who, in his turn, told me that he not only revered and admired Swinburne's genius, but loved him as Jonathan loved David.

I did not know the life of Miss Corelli and Miss Vyver's home, Mason Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, as intimately as that of The Pines, Putney, which Swinburne and Watts-Dunton shared in common, for the former house is a long way from London, and the latter is comparatively near. But my wife and I were privileged to be the guests of Miss Corelli and Miss

¹ *Memoirs of Marie Corelli*, by Bertha Vyver, with an Epilogue by J. Cuming Walters (London: Alston Rivers).

Vyver, and my small daughter, as she then was, spent a long holiday at Stratford-on-Avon, and was taken for drives about the neighbourhood, and behind the famous Shetland ponies, by Miss Corelli, who told my daughter, as Miss Corelli had often told me, that never were the relations between two women more sisterly and more beautiful than were those between Miss Vyver and herself. I might have gone for a drive behind the Shetland ponies, too, but where, in the tiny pony carriage, I was to bestow my long legs—unless on the splashboard, where they would stick out over the ponies' haunches, in which case I might have been mistaken for the proprietor of a circus making a preliminary tour of the town—I did not know, so I declined the drive. I was, however, taken on the river in the equally famous gondola, and for the first and last time in my life was regarded with awe as a 'royalty.' A certain prince was also to have been a guest at Mason Croft, but some accident on the road had delayed his arrival. The movements of Great Personages do not, however, go unrecorded in the newspapers, and that the prince was to be a guest at Mason Croft had become known in the town, in which a fête was in full swing that day. The river ran through the gardens where the fête was being held; and as Miss Corelli and I, seated in the bow, floated by in the gondola, a real Venetian gondolier, picturesquely attired in white satin with a crimson sash, plying a paddle at the stern, the words, 'The prince—there he is,' rippled along the crowd, like the rippling of the little waves along the shore caused by the movement of our craft.

Apologizing for this frivolous reminiscence, I return to the subject of the friendship between Miss Corelli and Miss Vyver. The former has published many volumes; the latter only one, that now under review—*Memoirs of Marie Corelli*; but it witnesses to the fact that had Miss Vyver devoted her very evident talents to the writing of books, instead of devoting herself whole-heartedly to her friend, the name of Bertha Vyver might be appearing to-day on not a few volumes. But

that Marie Corelli should be so shielded, shepherded, and sistered, not to say mothered, as to make the most of her genius—never that Bertha Vyver should turn her own gifts to account—was always in the mind of the author of these *Memoirs*. Nor could Miss Vyver have made a happier choice than when she invited so distinguished a man of letters and editor as Mr. J. Cuming Walters to contribute an epilogue.

It is not my good fortune to know Mr. Cuming Walters well personally, for we met only once. But to his books on Tennyson, Shakespeare, and on other subjects, I am deeply indebted; and one does not forget that to the appearance in a great daily newspaper of a series of articles from his pen, and directed against slums, we owe the erection of Rowton House, and the appointment of a Sanitary Council on Housing. No higher tribute could be paid to Mr. Cuming Walters as an editor than when, at a dinner in his honour at Manchester, attended by some three hundred persons, the retiring Lord Mayor said, 'The citizens of Manchester should be proud that they possess two great men sitting in an editorial chair, Mr. C. P. Scott and Mr. Cuming Walters.' Among those who paid tribute to Mr. Cuming Walters's distinguished work were, as I remember, Mr. C. P. Scott himself, the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Right Hon. J. R. Clynes, the Bishop of Manchester, Lord Wakefield, Sir A. Conan Doyle, and Lord Derby.

II

The late T. P. O'Connor once said to me that W. T. Stead so 'gutted'—that was O'Connor's realistic if inelegant word—a book, under review, of all the good things in it that any one reading the review could discuss the book at a dinner-table or in a club without being at the trouble of reading it. Miss Vyver's *Memoirs* and Mr. Cuming Walters's epilogue are full of good things, but my aim is to send readers to the volume, and I need do no more than assure my readers, as

my friend Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith has already assured her public, that here is 'an extremely interesting biography of an exceedingly interesting woman.' Not the least interesting passages in the *Memoirs* are those quoting the high tribute to Marie Corelli and her work by Tennyson, Gladstone, Meredith, the late Lord Haldane, and other men of great intellect. In Miss Corelli's time, a not uncommon sneer at her was that her books were read and admired only by the uneducated classes. If among Miss Vyver's readers there should be any one who thus sneered, the *Memoirs* should prove uneasy reading for the sneerer.

Miss Vyver shows her friend as a gifted, great-natured, and most lovable woman, as Marie Corelli undoubtedly was. But Miss Vyver's picture is that of a very human—always well-meaning, but sometimes sadly mistaken—person, and again I agree. Here is one reason why Miss Corelli not only was occasionally mistaken, but so often made enemies. She railed, as Father Bernard Vaughan railed, against the sins of Society, and both were sincere in so doing. He thought of himself, as she thought of herself, as of marked, if not remarkable, personality (as both were), and with a mission in life. Father Vaughan gave one such an impression of strength—strength of character, strength of purpose, and strength and challenge of personality—as, seemingly, to contradict the use of the word 'weakness' in association with such a man. A human weakness, however, he had—vanity; but, though he was a Roman Catholic and I an English Churchman, with no leanings towards Rome, I say unhesitatingly of Bernard Vaughan, his one weakness notwithstanding, that he lives in my memory, and from personal knowledge, as one of the truest Christians I have ever known. Marie Corelli is shown in these *Memoirs* as having profound religious convictions of her own. I say 'of her own' intentionally, for, something of a rebel against the existing order of things, whether religious or social, she prided herself on being self-reliant, in forming her creeds or codes of

convention for herself, and in refusing to conform 'by order' to those already existing. She was pleased to think of herself as 'unorthodox' and so to be thought by others, but that she was, in heart and in head, a convinced Christian there is not the shadow of a doubt. Even so, and like Bernard Vaughan, she had, as we all have, human weaknesses. His, as I have said, was vanity, but he had the saving gift of humour. He enjoyed, often chuckled over, the attacks which were made upon him, and if he replied he did so with such humour as sometimes to win over an opponent. For Marie Corelli's human weakness the fact that she was sadly deficient in humour was largely responsible. Her weakness was not, as Vaughan's was, vanity, but an overweening self-confidence, which bred the conviction that other persons who opposed her must be wrong, and she right. Presumably Vaughan believed in the infallibility of the Pope. Very positively, Miss Corelli believed in something very closely resembling the infallibility of Marie Corelli. To call her judgement into question was to tamper with eternal principles. Hence she bitterly, even fiercely, resented criticism, whether of herself or her actions. She was highly, even greatly, imaginative, and some highly imaginative persons incline to suspect deliberate slight, or actual enmity, where neither exists. Had she taken herself less seriously, had she parried a critical thrust with the rapier of humour, even if she had, with the same rapier, thrust back, in return, at her critic, the probability is that 'honour' would have been 'satisfied' on both sides, and each rapier returned to the scabbard. But in Marie Corelli's armoury was no such weapon as humour, and her replies to criticism sometimes turned those who were no more than critics, and not unfriendly at that, into enemies. An editorial friend of hers and mine, who had from the first recognized, not only that she had great gifts, imaginative and descriptive, but also that her ideals were of the highest, and had so reviewed her work for years, ventured in reviewing one of her later books

some quite inoffensive criticisms, with the result that, in a letter which he showed to me, Miss Corelli denounced him as, personally, a hypocrite who had posed as a friend when he was really an enemy, and, intellectually, as 'an incoherent Podsnap' whom she wished never to see or to hear from again.

That was perhaps an extreme instance, but that she thus antagonized folk is not to be denied. One best serves her memory, not by denying the facts, but by admitting them, and seeking for the mitigating conditions or circumstances. Much of her abnormal sensitiveness and irritability was, I submit, attributable to physical reasons—she underwent more than one internal operation—and this calls not for censure so much as for sympathy and pitifulness.

But there were mental conditions—the writhing of her spirit in bitterness and agony—which more than accentuated this intense sensitiveness. About her parentage there was no cause for any scandal, but there was, at one time, some mystery. To my knowledge she was for a time at school at Isleworth, and as 'Minnie Mackay,' her actual name. But when she left school, grew into girlhood, or, rather, into young womanhood, and began to 'write,' she elected to be known as 'Marie Corelli.' The reason is obvious. Having an uncommonly shrewd and businesslike as well as a dainty little head upon her shoulders, she thought that 'Marie Corelli' was a more attention-attracting pen-name than either 'Mary' or 'Minnie Mackay.' But certain gossips scented, as they thought, a mystery; and, where is a mystery, such folk as they suspect a scandal; and that scandalous stories concerning her parentage were in circulation is common knowledge. Miss Vyver once and for all scotches the scandal by a plain statement of facts; but in Marie's lifetime the scandal reached her ears. How could it fail to do so when the late W. E. Henley published a savage attack on a book of hers under the heading 'The Real Mackay'? At that time she was generally supposed to be the adopted,

not the actual, daughter of Charles Mackay; and the innuendo in the heading, 'The Real Mackay,' set scandal-loving heads knocking together, and scandalmongering tongues newly wagging. Marie Corelli was either too proud or too scornful of slandermongers to do other than contemptuously to ignore the scandal. But that it preyed upon her mind, made her abnormally self-conscious and suspicious, and caused her to think of herself as a sort of woman-Ishmael who must fight for herself with her own hand, since other hands were turned against her, I am, and always have been, convinced.

Moreover, another happening there was in Marie Corelli's life which was enough in itself to warp a trusting and loving woman's nature. Could she have spoken openly of what happened, she might have found no small relief in so doing, but, except perhaps to Miss Vyver, her lips were, if only for pride's sake, sealed; and I believe that the consequent 'self-suppression' reacted injuriously and greatly increased her ultra-sensitive tendency to imagine intentional slight. If ever a woman had cause to think herself the victim of treachery where treachery was least to be expected, that woman was Marie Corelli. The trusted and idealized brother whom she loved, and for whom she and Miss Vyver planned, slaved—whom to all intents and purposes they supported—proved himself worse than an ingrate. To the late William Sharp ('Fiona Macleod' of *The Immortal Hour* fame) and to myself, this man, Mackay, more than hinted that Miss Corelli owed her fame, not to her own efforts, but to him, for all that she had published, which was of any worth, had been suggested to her, sometimes had been actually written, by him. After that, he went on so to vilify both Miss Corelli and Miss Vyver that Will Sharp interrupted him to say, 'You are either a liar or a scoundrel.' 'I think he is both,' was my comment, to which I added, 'I give you notice, Mackay, that if you say another word against those brave and dear women, who are friends of mine, I will knock you down here and now.'

'And if Kernahan doesn't, I will,' supplemented Sharp. Mackay had hinted to so many persons that his brains, not hers, went to the making of the books published under her name, that, when he died, the comment was sometimes heard, 'I suppose there will be an end of Marie Corelli as an author now that poor Mackay, whose brains were at the back of all she did, is no more.'

I believe I am right in saying that it was only when several letters to Mackay, addressed, not to his own or his sister's home, but to a club, were, after his death, forwarded to Marie Corelli, as his next of kin, that she and Miss Vyver fully realized how base, sensual, and treacherous a creature was this man whom they had brothered, befriended, and again and again supplied with the money which had, sometimes, been put to a use which even he would not wish two good and pure-minded women to know. Some women might have been forgiven if, in the consequent revulsion of feeling, they had been soured and embittered against the whole sex, of which this man was the most intimately known representative. Marie Corelli was not thus embittered, perhaps because—or so I have cause to believe—one man there was who meant more, much more, to her even than a brother.

"Well, you are a dreamer," he said' (the quotation is from *The Life Everlasting*). "You do not live here in this world with us—you think you do—and yet in your own mind you know you do not. You dream—and your life is that of vision simply. I am not sure that I should like to see you wake." Had Marie Corelli a dream-lover? I believe, and always shall believe, that she had. Her ideal of love was as pure as it was noble and beautiful; and one man there was, known to me, and revered by me, in whom, unless I am greatly mistaken, she found her ideal realized, even though he was destined never to be more to her than a dream-lover. That no thought of love between him and her other than that between two dearly loving friends ever occurred to him I am as sure as it is humanly possible to be sure. Not that his love

was ever given elsewhere, for no woman in the world was dearer to him than was Marie Corelli. But all his great love was for his art, and he died long years ago, never suspecting that he would be mourned by her, or by any one else, as more than a beloved and honoured friend. Though Mr. Cuming Walters drops no hint of any inner meaning when quoting what he calls 'that cry from the heart,' the poem 'Amor Vincit,' included in the volume of posthumously published *Poems by Marie Corelli*, an inner meaning, to me, there is :

Come to me, then, thou angel-love of mine!
Mate with that half of me which is divine,
Mix with my soul and its immortal breath,
And rise with me triumphant over Death!

COULSON KERNAHAN.

The Evangelical Doctrine of Holy Communion. This book, edited by the Rev. A. J. Macdonald, D.D. (Heffer, 7s. 6d.), is very cheap and very valuable. It is the work of scholars whose names command attention, and surveys the subject from the New Testament origins, through the Greek and Latin Fathers, the Symbolism of the Early Middle Ages, the Schoolmen, the Reformers, the Anti-Roman Apologists, the Free Church Interpretations, and Anglican Eucharistic Theology. Dr. Archibald Harrison writes the Free Church chapter, beginning with the Puritans and coming down to the Wesleys and Dr. Pope and Methodist theologians of to-day. That is a section of special interest to readers of this REVIEW. Canon Storr in a final chapter gives an outline of the eucharistic controversy as it stands to-day. 'Theology has been forced to become historical before it could dare to become dogmatic, and in becoming historical it has learned to be critical of its own past affirmations.' The essays show that the Evangelical strain has never been entirely absent from the Church. Transubstantiation was the centre from which the whole development of Reformation theology started. Anglo-Catholicism has intensified controversy over the Eucharist, but Canon Storr thinks there is every prospect of a narrowing of the gulf between Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical. The historical character of these essays gives them a strong claim to close and careful attention.

ARTHUR SANDERS WAY

ARTHUR WAY was a very remarkable man, who deserves to be remembered for a longer time than many who cling to the fringes of literary history. His work stood apart from the main currents of his time. He was capable of original poetry, but was content to rest his reputation, during more than fifty years, on translation only. He would have been satisfied with the praise given by Deschamps to Chaucer, that of one who has

Semé les fleurs et planté le rosier
Aux ignorans de la langue pandras,
Grant translateur.

I am glad to have known him : and it is one of the consolations of advancing years to remember that one can trace his career from the beginning. At the age of thirteen I came into contact with him—that sort of contact without amity which we may suppose a circle to have with its tangent. He was more of a terror than a friend. ‘Junior prefect though you be, sir,’ he once thundered, ‘that is no reason why you should expect us all to lick your boots.’ But we learned more from him than mere declensions and paradigms. ‘Our soul felt him like the thunder’s roll’; but he taught us much. He had taste, and some of us gained a modicum of it from him. ‘*Monile*, a necklace—can’t say that just after *neck*; try Tennyson’s word *carcanet*.’ Sometimes he laughed at his own big words. ‘The skin of an immense ox—say “the hide of a stately steer,” or “the pelt of an ox gigantic.”’ *Ruina caeli*—what do you think of “down-rush of the welkin”? Steep hill—“beetling crag.”

But every now and then he would say, ‘Now for a change,’ and would declaim Morris’s or Conington’s Virgil so wonderfully that the dumbest boy caught fire. One day he came in with a green book in his hand. ‘Listen :

With a trampling of drenched red hoofs, and an
earthquake of men that meet,

and all the rest of the war-chorus from *Erechtheus*. 'That's how the Greek choruses ran. Now then, translate the *Prometheus* in that fashion !'

Bit by bit we began to like him. As for myself, I liked him sooner than the rest, and came ultimately to feel a real affection for him. And when I found that he was a poet on his own account, I admired him more than ever.

He began experimentally, with a version of the *Epodes* of Horace, and practised his hand on isolated passages of the classics till he felt sure of his mastery. We, his pupils, could occasionally draw some of these versions out of him. Once, struggling with a hard chorus in the *Agamemnon*, I asked his help. 'Here you are,' he said, and gave me a sheet of notepaper. It was a rough rendering of ἑλάνους ἑλανδρος, ἑλέπτολις; and I still retain a few of the lines :

Helen, nay but a hell:
Read we the riddle well;
A hell unto ships on the sea,
And to cities and men, is she:
Out of the curtained bed,
Far from her home she fled,
By Titan-Zephyr sped
O'er Ocean's spray.

Then, with a justified daring, he turned to the *Odyssey*. We watched him at his work. He entered 'Preparation' somewhat tempestuously. Like Carlyle, he recommended 'Silence' with a roar; and, that secured, paced the room with his pocket Oxford Homer in his hand, pencilling down his rough renderings. Often he became so deeply absorbed that the closer students of his peculiarities could chat as they pleased, till a rhyme should give him pause, or an awkward passage make him bite his pencil. Then—ostentatious work. We happened to be reading the Seventh Book, and he gave us, in form, his idea of it :

There in his need thus prayed Odysseus the man toil-worn,
While on to the city the maid by the strength of the mules was borne:
And when she was come to the fair royal city of glorious fame,
She halted the mule-team there, and her brothers around her came.

Who can wonder that we were taken with the swing of the lines, or that many of us recited them to ourselves? And, as it was soon seen to be as close a 'crib' as if it were prose, and that it ran line for line with the original, its examination-utility came to reinforce our aesthetic appreciation. In the 'Oxford Locals' we often had little to do but to repeat the well-remembered lines.

Shortly afterwards, the whole work came out, under the transparent pseudonym of 'Avia'—though the *Spectator* hesitated as to whether the writer were not a woman—and we could enjoy the twenty-four books as we had enjoyed the one. There was the same vigour and accuracy throughout—line followed line, and almost word word. Such a *tour de force* is surely not far from unique in English. The middle rhyme (suggested by Swinburne's *Proserpina*) is maintained through the narrative portions from beginning to end: in the speeches Way relaxes his rule, and follows the measure of his favourite English epic, the *Story of Sigurd*.

The right form for a translation of the *Odyssey* will never be settled: each generation will have its own ideal. Some men will prefer Worsley's spenserians, some Mackail's rubáiyáts, some Butcher and Lang's prose. Way, as befitted his athletic figure and his eminently masculine character, was all for 'surge and thunder': he laughed at Butler's authoress-theory, and took Homer to have been emphatically a man. His own version—despite the *Spectator's* doubt—is first of all virile: strong, stately, and, at its best, magnificent. To those who take his view of Homer, it is probably the finest translation in any language.

Shortly afterwards, he left England for a headship in Australia, where the first sight the boys caught of him was as he pulled himself up on the horizontal bar an incredible

number of times. 'A prize,' said he, at the end, 'to any boy who pulls himself up half that number.' The prize was never won; but he had their respect from that moment. He taught with the force that might be expected from such a gymnast: but Homer went on. The *Iliad* appeared a year or two later; and received the praise of all competent judges, not least enthusiastic being that of W. W. Merry, Rector of Lincoln and editor of the *Odyssey*. From that time his repute as a translator was established, and his versions came out at frequent intervals. Euripides, the *Nibelungen Lied*, the *Song of Roland*, Apollonius Rhodius, Quintus Smyrnaeus—these are but a few among the proofs of his indefatigable labours, which ceased, with the last books of the *Aeneid*, only a few weeks before his death at eighty-three.

After several years in Melbourne he returned to England, and I frequently met him, with diminished awe but increased affection. We talked about his work, and discussed how far it was possible to give to people ignorant of Greek and Latin an idea of the tone of the original. Complete success, he held, was of course out of the question; but 'some work of noble note might yet be done.' Not that he hoped to influence multitudes. His *Odyssey* was no 'best seller.' He told me that his books usually just paid their expenses after ten or fifteen years: and he was satisfied. The labour was its own reward. Shortly after his return, his only child died. It was the *set* toil of translation that saved him from giving way to grief. Original work would have encouraged brooding; but, if he set himself the precise and defined task of doing forty or fifty lines of Sophocles, thought was demanded, and concentration compelled. He would quote the noble lines of Hesiod—*εἰ γὰρ τις καὶ τέκνονος ἔχων νεοκρήβει θυμῷ*—and add, 'I have proved their truth.'

With characteristic modesty he told me he preferred Gilbert Murray's translations to his own. This does not mean that there is not room for both. Way's aim was not

to embroider an English poem on a classic pattern, but to give the closest rendering of the Greek, consistently with a poetic setting, of which he was capable. And close he was. When Verrall, in his discussion of the *Bacchae*, wanted to give the English reader an exact representation of the Greek, he chose, not Murray, but Way. But there were many fields which Way had to himself. The *Nibelungen* exactly suited his genius, and is incomparably the best English rendering of the epic: the *Argonautica* is a translation of a Greek poem, but might be an English classic.

And thus, '*ohne Hast, ohne Rast*,' the work went on, through half a century. At past seventy, his Sappho proved that his lyrical gift was not abated, and his Quintus Smyrnaeus, though showing, perhaps, a slackening of the fire, is as accurate as the *Epodes*. His last task was the *Aeneid*. That done, '*sulle eterne pagine cadde la stanca man*.'

One of the very last services done to scholarship and religion by Dr. Way was his *Verse Translation of the Psalms*, published by the Epworth Press. It was characteristic of him not to be deterred by difficulty. He knew quite well that to render lyric poetry from one language to another is all but impossible. But he also knew that no lyrics either repay or demand translation and re-translation more than the Psalms, for they are the devotional companions of millions, and yet are so hard to understand that every one who can lend help in their comprehension ought to do so. The best of commentaries is an attempt by a poet to give us his own version: and the best thing a reader can do is to compare different versions and see how what is missed in one is caught by another.

Sometimes, I think, Dr. Way all but succeeds in his impossible task. In 137, he challenges comparison even with Swinburne, and hardly falls short. In 2, he seizes the rush and force of the original:

One sitteth on high in the heavens
who laugheth to scorn their devisings:

Terribly thunders His wrath: who on earth
 can withstand His will?
 For His anger shall turn into torment their
 triumph of rebel devisings;
 I have throned my King, mine Anointed,
 He saith, upon Zion's Hill.

This does not, of course, reproduce the astonishing brevity of the Hebrew, a language in which 'He maketh me to lie down' is expressed in a single word; but it *does* reproduce the spirit, and that is all we can ask. In a score of other Psalms, Dr. Way achieves a similar triumph. It is indeed a marvel that at the age of fourscore he should have retained so much of the fire and vitality of youth, and that his very latest versions had the dash and *élan* of his earliest. But Arthur Way was indeed a remarkable man.

E. E. KELLETT.

Wife of Hess, by F. E. Mills Young (John Lane, 7s. 6d.), has its tragic side in the love of Hess's partner for Maris, but the wife escapes the snare she had set for herself, and, when the story closes, Hess seems to have a prospect of better days, though Maris is left praying for strength to carry on. She has learnt a lesson which she can never forget, and Hess is heroic and noble enough to win her love again.—*A Camouflaged Civilian*, by Albert G. Marchant (Trefoil Publishing Co., 6s.), is a story of the Great War with a German spy, a couple of fine nurses, and many soldiers on duty or on leave. There are some exciting scenes, and the real hero of the story wins the good fortune he deserves before the curtain falls. Life at the front is seen in some of its lighter moods, which gave relief to men who were almost distracted by its horrors.—*Adventured Values*. By Brookes More. (Boston: Cornhill Publishing Co.) This is very beautiful and highly polished verse. The smaller poems have a charm of their own, and the longer narratives, drawn from the Greek mythology, are not only graceful, but full of interest. 'Myrtella,' who is won by Faydon's great exploit in slaying Synnis, falls a victim to the wrath of Venus, and 'stands "Transformed—a myrtle!"' It is a pleasure to read such poetry.—*The Jesus of the Poets: An Anthology* selected and edited by Leonard R. Gribble (Student Christian Movement, 4s.), ranges through the ages from Cynewulf to W. H. Daniels, gathering gems all down the centuries. A few hymns such as 'Jesu, Lover of my Soul' are included in this rich and varied anthology.

THE OTHER POINT OF VIEW

THE 'tramp' writing about the Poor Law is perhaps in much the same position as the unfortunate shade discussing with Lucifer the possibilities of mutual benefits accruing from the adoption of oil fuel. As I recently completed a fairly extensive tour of the Casual Wards of the country, however, I am prepared to risk the possibility that, after all, Mephistopheles may take an interest in the practical experiences of those who can view the question of calorific values from the standpoint directly opposed to his own. Hence the following :

The Institutions included in my itinerary were as under :
 Knaresborough, Bristol, Leeds (Birmantofts), Bath, Dewsbury, Wells, Doncaster, Taunton, Worksop, Exeter, Mansfield, Newton Abbot, Derby, Totnes, Burton, Axminster, Birmingham, Bridport, Stratford-on-Avon, Dorchester, Evesham, Wareham, Gloucester, South Stoneham, covering a period of about two months, and areas differing widely both in products and prosperity.

The *dictum* that every new law made makes a new law-breaker is capable of logical expansion. Now, Poor Law, as regards the vagrant poor, has not been of a progressive nature—the Act of 1824 can, I suppose, still be considered as the main groundwork of the present regulations—so that, among the main body of regular vagrants there is no difficulty in accommodating their mode of life to the limited variations that local conditions have produced within the scope allowed by that Act and its amendments. Among the rare frequenters of Institutions who have not yet taken to 'the road' as a life occupation, this rigidity, however necessary in the interests of discipline and for the uniform administration of the Law, seems either ridiculous or intentionally insulting. If the first impression prevails, the subterfuges of the 'old hands' first amuse, and then convince,

and another permanently casual poor is made. If the second—and I presume it is all a matter of temperament—then resentment and reprisals against a society that so punishes misfortune (in a country that boasts as part of its creed that 'it is no crime to be poor') lay a solid foundation for that most expensive luxury of civilization—the habitual criminal.

Admittedly, there are economic difficulties to face. In many cases, to put casuals to remunerative employment would lay the Local Authorities open to accusations of unfair competition. Therefore the demoralizing effect of being put to obviously useless labour becomes in those cases unavoidable. The appointments of 'tramp majors' are almost invariably made from among the tramp class, on the plea of cheapness. This carries with it a proportionate loss of respect for authority to be expected from that class. The allotment of specified tasks is infrequent, and where it exists completion carries no guarantee of immediate freedom—which is really the main portion of the reward, for the value of the food and accommodation provided for a casual is estimated by the authorities themselves at one shilling,¹ in return for which they are entitled by Law to eight hours of his labour. The 'pit-head' search for smoking materials—while the permanently poor are provided with them—is (shall we say?) undignified, at least. It shows more clearly than any other detail of the out-of-date and almost useless routine of the Casual Ward that the Law does not quite know what it is dealing with. If the vagrant is unfortunate he is callously treated. If he is intentionally habitual, and therefore possibly criminal in tendency, he is treated much too well: although still not so well as to make him ashamed of himself (I will not venture to suggest at what standard of luxury that would appear), but well enough to make the life bearable with the additions that importunity and opportunity may provide.

¹This was the amount tendered me in lieu of food and shelter at Bath Police Station, when the casual ward was full.

Every Union being, up to the present, self-contained and self-supporting, there has naturally been a certain amount of (quite unofficial, no doubt) competition to cut down the amount of accommodation required for casuals: the method being to interpret the regulations as harshly as is compatible with the lowest standards of humanity possessed by the porter and his *protégés*, thereby throwing on to other Boards the dissatisfied *clientèle* for a sufficient length of time to prove that increased accommodation is not necessary . . . 'and here we go round the mulberry bush.'

That being the main portion of such indictment as I can formulate against the system as it operates at present, the reader will grasp that there can be little behind the accusations of brutality and incompetence that occasionally, with vague but pompous prominence, figure in the Socialist Press. My indictment is based on the two evils of rigidity and inanity (which is quite enough, I should think).

When the great storm had levelled a large portion of the miscellaneous timber of the western and west midland areas, in which those persons in receipt of outdoor relief had to pay for firing in cash, there was no effort made to utilize this fortuitous supply, although most of it could have been obtained at nominal figures, and—even if given *additional* to schedule—would have added little, if any, to the burden of relief.

When, on the southern and south-western shores, fish were so plentiful that the local wholesale price dropped to about 60 per cent. of that of the cheapest potatoes, potatoes were still served in that area as the casual ward mid-day meal. Although not quite so valuable a food as meat for sustaining manual labour, fish is a food far preferable to potatoes.

The necessity of having a bath, which is considered traditionally to be a deterrent for 'tramps,' shared the honours fairly equally as to 50 per cent., with the difficulty of inducing the officials to allow of some form of ablution in the

remaining 50 per cent. The facility or its absence did not appear to have the slightest effect on the number of casuals—another slogan of the comic papers to die a natural death.

The distances at which 'bread stations' are situated, where mid-day meal tickets are issued, are in many cases excessive, if the privilege of extracting three hours' labour from the casual is exercised. In view of the low standard of nourishment contained in the diet allotted it is not reasonable that any person (except as a punishment for an indictable offence) should be required to saw wood for three hours and walk fourteen miles on a breakfast of six ounces of bread and half an ounce of margarine (*vide Exeter*).

The principle of 'pass 'em on' is carried to an extreme in this case, surely?

The migration of labour being now accepted—correctly or otherwise, does not enter into the present discussion—as a necessary political expedient, the Casual Wards are rather obviously adaptable to assist it. Regulations alone at present prevent their use, which would result in considerable economy in replacing the grandiosely expensive schemes which other departments have launched with entire disregard of local requirements and existing facilities. If a man is forced to walk twenty-two miles (the average of my itinerary) between 8.30 a.m. and dusk, he is left with little time—and, incidentally, less energy, after a few days of it—in which to look for 'suitable employment.' Unless the regulation as to re-entry were altered to allow a maximum of *two* visits to an Institution within the month, his opportunities are limited to this. A simple amendment that the production of cards would obtain this privilege is all that would be required.

The relaxation of the more vexatious regulations, and the inducement offered to those seeking work, of more reasonable accommodation, may pre-suppose a large increase in the number of casual poor to be relieved. It does not necessarily entail an increase in the number of permanently

'casual,' and these could, without a very complicated system of registration, be driven off the road altogether, to make way for the new class. Cards could be issued to those not holding Ministry of Labour cards, such cards to be date-stamped by each Union which the holder visited. After a period long enough to ensure that every 'regular' possessed one, its production, in lieu of Employment cards, could be made a condition of entry. *Then*, if the card showed, over a period of, say, two years, that the holder had tenanted Poor Law Institutions (other than infirmaries) for a proportion larger than 60 per cent. of the period (as to 25 per cent. of the time it can be assumed that our climate would—and does—allow the 'tramp' to 'have a rough'un' or in other words 'skipper it') he could be treated as 'an idle and disorderly person' within the Act. The difficulties of registration are not insurmountable, and the total to be dealt with would be, I imagine, surprisingly small. The principle underlying this suggestion is—those poor that you have always with you, keep them. It is no use passing them on.

Very little of the foregoing is, most probably, either new or surprising. It is not on record, however, that these flowers of thought have bloomed previously in a bed in the Casual Ward. My wanderings about this most interesting world, not being confined entirely to these Institutions or to these islands, however, I would claim that my reasoning is based on comparative study, from which I would venture to make certain suggestive deductions. Throughout our tropical dependencies the 'Rest House,' although nominally a Government affair, is available to the genuine traveller—be he trader or prospector—without charge. Again, all over the world the 'D.B.S.' has British Consular protection and assistance. The extension of our trade and Empire is undoubtedly due in part to this assistance rendered to those whose business forces them to travel. Here, the facilities of free travellers' accommodation are hedged round with

conditions which make it unsuitable and unacceptable to any but those whose travelling can result in no certain good to the community, but in much uncertain evil (particularly in times of epidemics). In the 'big book' in the porter's lodge the entry is nearly always the same :

NAME	AGE	OCCUPATION	FROM	TO
False	False	False	Nowhere	Anywhere
[Having none, partner ?]				

when it should read :

NAME	AGE	OCCUPATION	FROM	TO
John Citizen	Any	Worker	Unemployment	Work

So far as the casual poor are concerned, the recent legislation does not seem to embody anything in the way of radical change. This, to the writer, appears to be unfortunate, because, if he has in the foregoing been able to convey his meaning as he wished, the reader will agree that the opportunity should be grasped, before the subject lapses as one of current political interest for a further 106 years.

G. COOPER GRAHAM.

'THE MYSTERIOUS UNIVERSE'

Forty thousand copies of *The Universe Around Us*, by Sir James Jeans, have been sold in this country and the United States. This smaller volume (Cambridge University Press, 3s. 6d.), an expansion of the author's Rede Lecture, discusses on broad lines such scientific questions as seem to be of interest, and to provide useful material for the discussion of the ultimate philosophical problem. The chapter on 'The Dying Sun' is an attempt to discover the nature and purpose of the universe and the way man came into being. In small-scale phenomena the nature of things lies hidden. We live in a universe of waves—bottled-up waves which we call matter, unbottled waves which we call radiation of light. The theory of relativity reveals a universe which may be compared to the exterior of a soap-bubble with irregularities and corrugations on its surface. The old dualism of mind and matter seems to be giving way to the conception of substantial matter resolving itself into a creation and manifestation of mind. Sir James allows that all his conclusions are speculative and uncertain, but he holds that 'science should leave off making pronouncements: the river of knowledge has too often turned back on itself.'

MR. BENSON'S MEMORIES

As We Were: A Victorian Peep-Show. By E. F. BENSON.
Longmans, Green & Co. 1930.

THIS Peep-Show begins with a pincushion that has long vanished from sight, but still holds a vivid place in Mr. Benson's memory. It was covered with rich crimson velvet, and round the lower edge of its dome ran a floral pattern worked in white glass beads. Tassels of beads hung down the sides, and on the top a royal crown was worked in beads. The Master of Wellington College and Mrs. Benson had got it ready for Queen Victoria's visit in 1864.

The college was founded in 1859 in memory of Wellington, and Mr. Benson, not yet thirty, was its first head master. The previous year he had gone, at the wish of the Prince Consort, to study the methods in the schools of Germany, but came back with a profound conviction that English methods were vastly superior and that no hints were to be gained from Germany. The Prince still thought that his country had something to teach us, but he soon realized that its methods were incompatible with English ideas, and, to the time of his death in 1861, 'he backed up the head master, who indeed was a very forcible man, with the utmost zeal and goodwill, and Wellington developed on native lines.' All things great and small were directly under Benson's indefatigable eye. He made his staff feel that they were helping to construct a noble institution and must give their whole time and energies to its accomplishment.

As we turn these pages we watch the growth of the great school. In 1864 the Queen drove over from Windsor, walked about the place and showed a shrewd interest in the domestic arrangements. 'She wept a little over the foundation stone of the chapel which the Prince Consort had laid . . . insisted on visiting one of the dormitories, where she found that the maids had not yet finished their making of beds

and emptying of slops, and told them to carry on : she went into the class-rooms of the fifth and sixth forms, shook hands with every boy there, and asked him his name : she looked with doubtful approval on the tuck-shop, and said that, in her opinion, the young gentlemen would get on quite as well without so many sweets ; and then she came across to the newly built master's lodge, where my mother, a mature matron now of twenty-three years of age, and dressed in the latest and most stupendous fashion of the day, was at the door to receive her. Then the Queen must see the nursery, where she found two small boys, Martin and Arthur, aged four and two, and a baby girl not yet a year old. She kissed them, and hoped they were good boys, and Martin, who had been regarding her with grave, wide eyes, could stand it no longer, and, with a burst of laughter, told her that she had a very funny bonnet, which was most probably the case.' She was left at last in the bedroom to prepare for lunch, and saw the famous pincushion which here brings us into her presence and that of one of the most notable clerical families of England.

Mr. Benson describes the Queen as a woman whose peerless common sense amounted to genius. She had a sort of dual personality, which explained some of her odd complexities and complications, but 'common sense poured out from her, grey and strong, like the waters of the Amazon.' She could foretell what the middle class would feel, and recognized that they would shortly be supreme in her realm. Lack of imagination led her into some errors from which her common sense could not save her. 'She knew nothing whatever of the working classes, of the barbarous beggary, of the poverty and suffering and squalor in which they lived, and, when some inarticulate protest from below seethed up into hoarse murmurings and mutterings, she heard in them nothing but the threats of rioters and revolutionaries who uttered menaces against all which made for stability and ordered government.' Of slums and overcrowding and

bestial existence she knew nothing whatever. She ceased, from 1861, to exercise any direct social influence. 'The decline and fall of Victorianism took place while she, busy and industrious as ever, was out of touch with everything. We may, indeed, compare her to the Sleeping Beauty, waiting the advent of the Fairy Prince to hew his way through the thickets and overgrown avenues of Osborne.'

The chapter on Family History has a unique interest. The archbishop's father had a genius for chemistry, and his discovery of a process for making cobalt, and for the manufacture of white lead, made large fortunes for others, but not for himself. He died at the age of forty-two, leaving his widow to bring up seven children, of whom the future archbishop, then a boy of fourteen, was the eldest. She sold her patent, lost her money in a railway company, and died leaving nothing save the last but one of the annual payments for which she had parted with her patents. The children were scattered among various relatives. A wealthy uncle offered to make the youngest boy of eight his heir, but Edward, who was just of age, absolutely refused this offer because his uncle was a Unitarian. A bachelor don and tutor at Trinity College, Mr. Francis Martin, came to the aid of the young student, for whom he had formed a romantic affection. He took on himself all Benson's expenses, furnished new rooms for him in college, took him on tours and reading parties, nursed him when he was ill, and put by £500 for each of his sisters. The eldest of Benson's sons was called Martin after this noble friend, who shared his joy two years later when he won the Chancellor's gold medal, the Classical blue riband of the year.

Benson's courtship was notable. He often spent weeks in his holidays with his widowed cousin, Mrs. Sidgwick, who had three sons and one daughter. In 1852, Benson was twenty-three and Mary Sidgwick was eleven. He noted in his private diary 'the possibility that some day dear little Minnie might become my wife.' When the girl was

twelve he persuaded Mrs. Sidgwick to allow him to speak to her on the matter, and found her ready to plight her troth to him. The same year he became a fellow of Trinity and a master at Rugby. There he made his home with Mrs. Sidgwick, who had gone to live in the place whilst her boys were at the school. Benson was now providing out of his own purse for his brothers and sisters, so that he was not in a position to marry, but his appointment as head master at Wellington, when Mary Sidgwick was just seventeen, opened the way for their marriage.

In 1873 he became Canon and Chancellor of Lincoln, where he established a college for young men studying for Orders, and opened night-schools for working-men and boys. His wife formed a weekly musical society. The theological school had hardly got into working order before Lord Salisbury asked whether he would accept the bishopric of Calcutta. That he declined, but next year, at the suggestion of the Queen, Lord Beaconsfield offered him the bishopric of the new diocese of Truro. He set himself to make a church in Truro into his cathedral at a cost of £100,000. Lady Rolle instantly lost her heart to him and sent him a cheque for £40,000. He had some queer incumbents. One said he had little time for visiting his flock as his garden gave him so much pleasant occupation. Another vicar never set foot in his church. The patron expostulated: 'I don't ask you to do anything, but for the sake of example couldn't you just go to church yourself sometimes?' It was no use: he preferred to stroll to the garden-gate of the vicarage, which adjoined the church, and when his parishioners came out he chatted with them very amiably. Occasionally some neighbouring clergyman would conduct a service, but there was no means of dispossessing this unfaithful shepherd.

On the bishop's visits, 'Church people and Wesleyan ministers alike gave him the warmest welcome. They found him personally irresistible, so intensely jolly, so full of enjoyment and keenness and humour, and even when they

considered that he was frankly an enemy, that he had the bitterest hostility to Methodism and was come to blow the trumpets of the Church of England till (as he hoped) the walls of their conventicles would fall down like those of Jericho, they quite appreciated that he was doing his duty. And when he went back to his cathedral town they did their duty too, and made the most violent attacks on him and his work, exhorting their congregations to stand firm against the intruder. He knew all about that, and he loved his enemies, vowing that of all mankind the Cornish were the most god-fearing and the best hearted.'

He had not been a year at Truro when the great sorrow of his life came in the death of his eldest boy at Winchester School. Martin was struck down with aphasia, and, though the trouble passed, he had a relapse and died. The diary tells how, as his mother whispered, 'When I survey the wondrous Cross,' his very soul went with it. When she came to the lines

See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down,

'he, with a sudden momentary look of inquiry, which instantly changed into an expression of both awe and pleasure, the most perfect look I ever beheld of satisfied adoration, gazed at Something, Someone; tried with his eyes to make me look at the same, and then pointed to it with his fingers.' His mother's resignation was perfect. A few hours after his death she knelt in their room and prayed aloud: 'It is Thy will only that we will. He is Thine, Thou hast a right to him.' In 1883, Benson became Archbishop of Canterbury, with its enormous field of influence.

The account of Lady Henry Somerset, whose 'rich and radium-like energy' found a noble sphere in her crusade against intemperance and her rescue work at Duxhurst, is of special interest. Her sister, Duchess Adeline of Bedford, also had a strong devotional and religious sense, and formed

the closest friendships of her life with the archbishop and Mrs. Benson. She was often at Lambeth and Addington, and went abroad with them to Switzerland. She brought a company of friends to consult Dr. Benson whether something could not be done to stop the moral rot which they thought was corrupting London. That led the archbishop to institute a series of devotional meetings at Lambeth, where a short service was followed by an address. The chapel was filled to overflowing, and the services were continued annually till his death.

Mr. E. F. Benson went to Hawarden whilst employed in studying the north wall at Chester, into which had been built a quantity of tombstones from a Roman cemetery, and found all that Mr. Gladstone did was charged with his terrific voltage. Once the table-talk turned on clever women. It was agreed that Mrs. Benson was the cleverest woman in England. Gladstone woke up from his meditations: 'No, you're wrong; she's the cleverest woman in Europe.' 'Purpose at white heat roared like a furnace in every action of his life.' There is an amusing account of Oscar Browning, who introduced himself to Tennyson at a garden-party at Marlborough House by saying, 'I am Browning.' Tennyson must have thought he was impersonating Robert Browning, so he merely replied, 'No, you're not,' and seemed disinclined to listen to any explanation. The poet laureate's brusqueness led him into some strange pitfalls, as when he horrified a young lady worshipper, who was entranced to find herself sitting beside him on a garden-seat, by blurting out: 'Your stays creak.' She fled in dire dismay, but he pursued her, and, after she had escaped for a time, he ran her down, to confess: 'I beg your pardon; it was my braces.'

There are many racy things about Oscar Browning, who became a legend in his lifetime, and about Walter Headlam, the great Greek scholar, who would emerge from deep seas with pearls of research and then busy himself with social

concerts and diversions till he could dive again. Jowett's acid incisiveness comes out in his words to Dr. Hogarth, who had struck out some objectionable lines in a play of Aristophanes which was to be performed by the undergraduates. Jowett heard of this and asked Hogarth to call on him. 'I hear you have been making cuts in the Greek play. Aristophanes wrote it. Who are you?' Jowett was by no means infallible. Swinburne was once looking over some classical proofs for him, when a guest at Balliol. The master was in his study when one of his most biting observations to a young essayist was interrupted by a crow of laughter from the adjoining room, and Swinburne joyfully exclaimed, 'Another howler, master!' 'Thank you, Algernon,' said the master meekly, and gently closed the door.

Three great ladies have a special place in the Peep-Show. The Duchess of Devonshire was German by birth, and those who knew her when she was young said that no one who had not seen her then could tell how beautiful a woman could be. She made Lord Hartington pull his weight in the political world, and under the spur of her ambition for him he became one of the most powerful forces in Parliament. Lady Londonderry revelled in personal splendour, but she had another side. The King had taken tea with her, and when she came afterwards into her drawing-room she found her housemaid still tidying it up. 'The girl had not heard her enter, and she was employing herself, duster in hand, sitting down in all the chairs, one after the other. Lady Londonderry instantly guessed what was the purpose of these odd sessions, and pointed to one of the chairs. "That was the chair the King sat in," she said. "Sit down on it." ' Lady Ripon's beauty was dazzling, and she transformed London opera, which was 'languishing in an incredible tawdriness.' But when the war came 'she discarded ballet and opera, and the whole of her past modes of life, like worn-out toys. She showed what noble stuff, what humble zeal for service lay below her pageantries, and, up till the time when a disease,

cruel and hideous, wholly incapacitated her, she spent every day and all day in the management of the military hospital in Waterloo Road, capable and tender and beloved.'

Edmund Gosse, the natural and instinctive man of letters, had wit and humour and a most delicate and airy perception of the ludicrous. The scandal of Oscar Wilde's fall furnishes some painful pages, and the real history of his *De Profundis* adds to the horror of that great moral collapse. As his executor, Robert Ross, expurgated it, it is 'the most gigantic literary fraud,' for the omitted pages contained tirades of the bitterest vindictiveness. Art and literature are also represented by Whistler, Burne-Jones, and by Swinburne, whom Watts-Dunton tamed and transformed at Putney. Mr. Benson lingers lovingly over the name of Henry James, his brother Arthur's friend and his own. James once described himself in a letter to Mr. Benson as 'ferociously literary,' and urged on him the importance of acquiring a style. 'It is by style we are saved,' he wrote, and to that creed he was 'fanatically faithful,' with not altogether happy results.

This volume is aptly styled 'A Victorian Peep-Show,' and as we gaze on its dazzling figures we feel that the noblest lives are those that 'use the world as not abusing it.' So did Mr. Benson's mother and Lady Henry Somerset, and Henry James himself.

JOHN TELFORD.

Men who made the Churches. By Paul Hutchinson. (Williams & Norgate. 5s.) The men are Luther, Cromwell, Knox, Bunyan, George Fox, Wyclif, Wesley, and Alexander Campbell, whom Mr. Hutchinson describes as the Fathers of our Protestant Churches. He has felt baffled by the very richness of the lode he has had to develop in his sketch of Wesley. 'He seemed determined to know something about everything. And on every matter that he touched he either left his opinions or his record of actual activity—generally both.' He was an epitome of the breeding and culture of England's finest aristocracy, he was also a man of the people. The sketches are all well done. They get to the heart of each leader, set him amid his environment, and give a real conception of the work they did and the fruit it has borne.

Notes and Discussions

SOME RECENT GERMAN CONTRIBUTIONS TO NEW TESTAMENT STUDY

IN last year's chronicle we called attention to Lohmeyer's 'Philippians' which was the first instalment of his commentary on the Imprisonment Epistles in Meyer's Commentary. We now have the second part, 'Colossians and Philemon,' and there is a promise that 'Ephesians' will follow soon. Several of the results which Lohmeyer finds from his study of Philippians reappear in his work on Colossians. It is dated from the Caesarean imprisonment, in the summer of 58, whilst Philippians is assigned to the late summer or autumn of the same year. He also finds in this, as in Philippians, the martyr *motif* as a conscious and recurrent theme. The liturgical style of sonorous parallelism is again discovered, and, as in Philippians, Lohmeyer contends that we have here a Jewish instinct expressing itself in an epistle which is intended for use in public worship. A most interesting excursus on the Colossian heresy finds Iranian conceptions which have reached the Lycus valley by way of Judaism. Paul's Christology is occasioned by the need of combating a philosophy which was dangerous because it falsely claimed that it was the fulfilment of all that was contained in the primitive Christian faith. Lohmeyer gives strong reasons for dismissing the objections which have often been urged against the Pauline authorship of this Epistle.

Two new editions of commentaries which have long been known and appreciated are those of Klostermann on 'Luke' and Windisch on 'The Catholic Epistles' in Lietzmann's *Handbuch zum N.T.* The changes needed in the commentary on Luke after ten years were not very numerous, and the mass of material which Strack-Billerbeck opened up for Klostermann's revised edition of Matthew makes less difference to Luke. On the other hand, Windisch (who has lately moved from Leiden to Kiel) has found abundant material to bring into his commentary on the General Epistles after nineteen years. The problem of compression has been solved with remarkable success, and no student of these Epistles can afford to dispense with this exposition.

Some excellent books are coming out in *Neutestamentliche Forschungen*, edited by Otto Schmitz (Gütersloh: Bertelsmann), in two series: (1) Pauline Studies; (2) Researches into the Problem of the Church in Primitive Christianity. The first series began with the editor's two valuable studies, 'The Conception of Freedom in Epictetus and the Testimony of Freedom in Paul' and 'Paul's Fellowship in Christ in the light of his use of the Genitive Case.'

Then came 'Paul's Imprisonment in Ephesus and the Itinerary of Timothy,' by W. Michaelis, for long Deissmann's assistant at Berlin, now New Testament Professor at the University of Bern. In this important study, as in the short summary of the argument that he gave in the *J. T. S.*, he argued for the position which has more recently been expounded in this country by Professor G. S. Duncan. In the latest contribution to this series just published, *Pastoral and Imprisonment Epistles*, Dr. Michaelis finds a case for the genuineness of the Pastoral Epistles if the other Imprisonment Epistles are dated from Ephesus during the Third Missionary Journey. He gives attention to all the books which have appeared in recent years about this subject, and criticizes Professor Duncan's reconstruction of the events in the Third Journey, especially the inclusion of the 'genuine fragments' of the Pastorals in that period. It is certainly a book to be reckoned with in the revived controversy about the authenticity of the Corpus Paulinum and the Pauline chronology. In the second series of Otto Schmitz's Investigations, Michaelis wrote a book about the preaching of the Kingdom of God before and after Pentecost, *Täufer, Jesus, Urgemeinde*, and Professor Spörri, of the Methodist College at Frankfurt, another about *The Church Idea in 1 Peter*. The latest addition to that series is Dr. Gerhard Gloege's *Reiches Gottes und Kirche im Neuen Testament*, of which Dr. Garvie gave so full an analysis in the September number of the *Expository Times*. Another book on a kindred subject that deserves mention is *Die Kirche im Neuen Testament in ihrer Bedeutung für die Gegenwart* (Furche-Verlag). This symposium gives a collection of addresses by German churchmen and the discussions that followed during a week spent in Conference at Waldenburg, in which Lutheran, Reformed, Free Church, Methodist, and Moravian theologians and pastors took part. Not the least interesting contribution is that by our own beloved Methodist, Superintendent J. W. Ernst Sommer, of Frankfurt ('The Church in the New Testament'). A fairly full report of an international Conference of Theologians, which met at Bern in a similar way to study the Epistle to the Ephesians with special reference to the doctrine of the Church, is given in the November number of the *Theologische Blätter*. While speaking of theological books of composite authorship we must not overlook one that came out three years ago but has only lately reached us. The *Festgabe* (J. C. B. Mohr), presented to Adolf Jülicher on his seventieth birthday, contains many valuable essays. For our present purpose it is important to refer to some which deal with special points of New Testament investigation. Walter Bauer writes on Jesus the Galilean, Arnold Meyer on the origin of Mark's Gospel, the late G. P. Wetter of Upsala about the Damascus vision and the Pauline Gospel, Wilhelm Mundle about the problem of the Intermediate State in 2 Cor. v. 1-10, Hans Windisch upon the five Johannine sayings concerning the Paraclete, whilst Rudolf Bultmann analyses the First Epistle of John.

The outstanding book in the New Testament field published during

the year is undoubtedly Schweitzer's *Die Mystik des Apostels Paulus* (J. C. B. Mohr), which completes the trilogy begun by *Von Reimarus zu Wrede* and continued in *Geschichte der paulinischen Forschung*. In the latter, Schweitzer had attempted to make eschatology accountable for all Paul's conceptions. In the new book he shows that the peculiarity of Paul's mysticism is that it is a Christ-mysticism and not a God-mysticism, and he differs from Bousset and Reitzenstein in tracing this, not to a Hellenistic source, but to Jewish eschatology. It is sacramental in character, but, just as the baptism of John was eschatological in its outlook, so the Pauline sacraments look to the Kingdom of God. Those who have been baptized are united with Christ, who died and rose again. This is not only symbolical, but describes a real change in the man's nature. He actually shares in the supernatural life of the risen Christ, he partakes of the Spirit and receives the powers of the age that is to come. He also becomes a member of the Body of Christ, for the mystical union is collective as well as personal. This Pauline mysticism is linked up with the teaching of Christ, in which even the Lord's Prayer is interpreted eschatologically, and the bread of the future Kingdom of God is prayed for as a present sustenance. The most valuable part of the book is the recognition that Paul's theology is closely linked with that of the primitive Church, and owes far more to late Judaism than to Hellenism. There is much with which the reader cannot agree, especially the attempt to place the Johannine theology at the end of a process in the Hellenizing of the Pauline mysticism, with Ignatius and Justin Martyr as intermediate stages. This book is sure to raise much discussion.

Within the last year, two articles in the *Theologische Rundschau* have importance to New Testament students. Professor Julius Schniewind of Königsberg writes an exhaustive article on the exegesis of the Synoptics, surveying a vast mass of books under the headings: (a) Exegesis of the Synoptics and Literary Criticism; (b) Exegesis of Synoptics and the method of Form-History. Professor Windisch follows up his article of last year on 'The Problem of the Historicity of Jesus' (when he dealt with the evidence from non-Christian writings) with one that subjects the Christ-myth theory to a searching examination of all its recent exponents.

Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart has advanced some way towards the completion of the fourth volume. Several short articles on New Testament subjects invite notice. Weinel writes on Church in Primitive Christianity; Gerhard Kittel on Son of Man in New Testament; Klostermann on Peter; Feine on Philipppians and on the Pauline Epistles; Dibelius on the Epistles of Peter; Volz on the Pharisees; Otto Schmitz on Sacrifice in the New Testament; whilst Bultmann contributes the articles on Myth and Mythology in the New Testament, Pastoral Epistles, Revelation in the New Testament, and the most important article of all, Paul. In this, one observes the historical scepticism regarding most of the data given in the Acts, and, though the treatment of the background of Paul's religious

thought and the outline of his leading ideas is most stimulating, one misses that sane judgement which characterizes the best English work on the Pauline letters and theology, and takes note of the almost complete absence of English works in the comprehensive bibliography. This parochialism too often mars otherwise good German theological work.

We must close with a brief reference to a most useful book published by Bertelsmann, *Paulus und seine Bibel*, by O. Michel, in which Paul's use of the Old Testament receives careful examination.

WILBERT F. HOWARD.

WILLIAM HAZLITT ESSAYIST

ONE hundred years ago, on September 18, 1880, William Hazlitt died, and was presently buried at St. Anne's, Soho. His passing went for the most part unnoticed. But since then he has taken his place among the most distinguished of English essayists.

'It is too much,' he wrote, in his essay 'On the Difference between Writing and Speaking,' 'to ask that our good things should be duly appreciated by the first person we meet, in the next minute after their disclosure; if the world is a little, a very little, the wiser and better for them a century hence, it is full as much as can be modestly expected.'

The century has passed and his modest expectation fulfilled. He himself once vindicated the 'trade in words.' 'Poets,' he said, 'are a longer lived race than heroes; they breathe more of the air of immortality. They survive more entire in their thoughts and acts. . . . Words are the only things that last for ever.'

As a scribbler of words he has certainly won more lasting renown than many a more imposing contemporary man of action. It was as a critic that he gained the best part of his reputation, says Raleigh, and he thinks that the interest in Hazlitt's life and work has been a little dulled by that, because criticism is not now the exciting thing it was in the brave days when critics were few and bold, and when they moved among great authors as among their peers. He was not a professional critic, not nearly erudite enough for that. Yet, as Gilbert Thomas says, for this lack of scholarship, 'more than ample compensation lay in his verve, his native shrewdness and his sturdy independence. He had the first quality of every good critic, the power of rousing enthusiasm. No other critic is better calculated to awaken the interest of ordinary readers in art or poetry, and his taste—as evinced, for example, by his studies of "The English Comic Writers"—was admirably catholic without being shallow.'

It is, however, as an essayist that he has won most general recognition. The Hazlitt in whom we are most deeply interested is found in *Table Talk*, *Sketches and Essays*, and *Winterslow*. He himself would not have approved our choice. He wished to be remembered by his *Life of Napoleon*, the only hero of his who could do no wrong.

In some moods at least, he would have preferred an entirely different sort of reputation. In a footnote to the first of his 'Table Talks' he says he is so sick of the trade of authorship that he has a much greater ambition to be the best rackets-player than the best prose writer of the age. 'The critics look askance at one's best-meant efforts, but the face of a rackets-player is the face of a friend.'

He began his essay 'On the death of Cavanagh,' the famous fives-player, by a characteristic tribute to the game. 'It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall; there are things indeed which make more noise and do as little good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them, making money and throwing it away. But the game of fives is what no one despises who has ever played at it. It is the finest exercise for the body and the best relaxation for the mind.'

Nor was it without its discipline for the greater game of life. Hazlitt himself liked a stout opponent, and, of one who showed himself disheartened, he significantly wrote: 'That fellow will never do anything in the world, he never plays well unless he is successful. If the chances go against him, he always misses the ball.'

Like all the best essayists, Hazlitt writes of himself. He presumes that his readers will be interested in William Hazlitt. The first personal pronoun is in constant use. 'I intend these essays as studies in human nature; and as, in the prosecution of this design, I do not spare others, I see no reason why I should spare myself.' Shy and awkward in company, he tears away the veils in print and reveals himself without reserve, almost too much so at times. He loves to recall his early days, as in the delightful reminiscence in his essay 'On the Pleasure of Painting':

'One of my first attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong marked features, and scarred with the small-pox. I drew it out with a broad light crossing the face, looking down with spectacles on, reading. . . . The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and, besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin redbreast in our garden—as my afternoon's work drew to a close—were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours; when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil; when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein; when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than

made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, "I also am a painter!" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me the less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair to look at it through the long evenings, and many a time did I return to take leave of it before I could go to bed at night.'

His presumption that readers would be interested is certainly justified. How could they be otherwise? There is zest and spontaneity about many of his essays that give them irresistible charm. How infectious is the spirit of an essay like that 'On Going a Journey.' 'Give me,' he says, 'the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on those lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy.' It makes one want to set out forthwith.

He has delightful reminiscences of country inns and of the books he read in them, sage advice for all travellers—'the rule for travelling abroad is to take our common sense with us, and leave our prejudices behind'—and he closes by saying that he would like to spend the whole of his life travelling abroad, if he could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

'His writing,' says Raleigh, in an illuminating word, is 'fuller of the zest of life and experience than the writing of other essayists.' He was no mere bookman recluse, deficient in vitality. Passionate and impulsive, he knew life at close quarters. And though at the end he said it had been a happy one, yet, through his own faults and follies, it had difficult, troubled, and bitter phases. His essays, however, like the sundial—on which he once wrote—recount the brightest hours only.

F. C. HOGGARTH.

THE RELIGION OF ADOLESCENTS

THE University of Leipzig has conferred the degree of Doctor of Philosophy on the Rev. Hans Leitner, Pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Berlin and author of *Psychology of the Religion of Adolescents*, which is published as Vol. VII. in the admirable series of 'Arbeiten zur Entwicklungspsychologie' edited by Professor Felix Krüger, Director of the Institute of Psychology. Dr. Leitner has gathered the material for his investigation in personal intercourse with young Methodists, especially in the industrial areas of Saxony, where they were surrounded by anti-religious Socialistic and Communistic influences. His dissertation breaks new ground, inasmuch as its evidence is derived from young people who have a definite Christian experience, whereas, in German studies of the psychology of youth, little notice is taken of religion. Also, in Dr. Starbuck's pioneer work, *The Psychology of Religion*, the subject is regarded

¹ *Psychologie Jugendlicher Religiosität innerhalb des deutschen Methodismus*, von Hans Leitner, Ph.D., pp. vi., 142 (München: C. H. Beck).

from the American point of view, and Dr. Vorbrodt, the editor of the German translation, points out that no attempt is made to trace the ethical results of sudden conversions.

To elicit the information sought, a series of sentences were submitted to seventeen 'observers,' all Methodists between sixteen and twenty years of age, not highly cultured, but 'intellectually not below the average.' The list included a carpenter, a chemist, an electrician, a labourer, a student, &c. Among the twenty-six sentences, given for the purpose of ascertaining what 'resonance' they would call forth in the adolescent mind, were the following: 'this world is a vale of tears'; 'my sins are scarlet'; 'he who loves sin is lost'; 'the Christian life involves restraint'; 'live a full life'; 'Jesus alone'; 'create in me a clean heart, O God.' Sentences from mystical writers were included, as, e.g., 'self is consumed in the love of God'; 'I felt God so near that I thought my soul would dissolve from excess of joy'; also a stanza from one of Bach's cantatas: 'Thou art mine, because I hold Thee, and will not let Thee go, Thou Light of my heart.'

The youths selected to record their observations were divided into groups under a leader whose duty it was to explain, when needful, either the sentences given or the carefully prepared instructions, which included, *inter alia*, a request not to make much use of abstract terms such as sin and grace, but to give concrete examples from personal, everyday experience, and above all to avoid the language of Canaan. In issuing the sentences to the members of the various groups it was arranged that, as far as possible, two successive sentences should present 'either a contrast in phraseology or a seeming contradiction in meaning,' so that an independent judgement might be expressed.

The written statements have been collated, and the extracts quoted by Dr. Leitner show that the plan just mentioned proved successful. Occasionally it was necessary to make allowance for the influence of Methodist and other traditions, but the various comments yield ample proof of sincerity and frankness. Strange to say, 'Jesus alone' was differently understood: 'Jesus was forsaken by His faithless disciples'; 'Jesus was meditating in solitude'; 'Christians ought to share the loneliness of Jesus'—these are examples of different interpretations. But one writer has true insight: 'Jesus alone! this was my watchword on the day of my conversion, and I shall never have another. . . . I would that He alone, through me, should shine and speak.' The declaration that 'this world is a vale of tears' is resented, expression being often given to delight in the sights and sounds of nature, and sometimes to the joy which attends honest labour.

References to conversion abound in these records. Some recall the day and the hour; others are uncertain about the time, but certain about the fact. In great detail the testimonies in regard to the ethical results of conversion are given; they include acknowledgements that, since conversion, temptations have not always been

overcome, but 'throughout there is the joyous certainty that conversion altered everything.' One statement may be quoted: 'When I was converted, I knew that God had forgiven my sins; at the same time I believed that I was a changed man. . . . Inward happiness took possession of me; I ceased to think of my sins and began to think only of the new life which lay before me to fill with work for God and Jesus.' Some confess faults and failings: 'I must accuse myself of being, at times, very unkind to my fellow workmen'; 'I have a somewhat choleric temperament and soon flare up in anger; this is unbecoming in a Christian.' Mention is often made of trade temptations, but there is recognition that in fulfilling his daily task a Christian may glorify God: 'I thought that, when I was converted, I must give up my work and begin something else. "You should now become a preacher or begin some definite work for the Lord"—so I thought, but later I realized that I must do my duty where God had placed me, and in doing it faithfully I should be serving God.'

Dr. Leitner clearly defines the limits of this investigation. He knows that it is impossible for any psychological plummet to sound the depths of the religious consciousness, but he claims that the evidence obtained conclusively proves that adolescents have a real and enduring religious experience, which powerfully influences their lives, and that its effects are especially noticeable in the ethical sphere. 'When we compare the standards of value accepted by these religious youths with the laxity which prevails amongst their contemporaries, it is obvious that the difference is very considerable. The religious experience of young Methodists supplies them with an absolutely new factor which dominates their psychical life.' To the value of Christian fellowship frequent testimony is borne: 'Since I joined the Methodists I have never felt that I was lonely.' A sharp line of distinction between the Church and the world is drawn by these youths; their attitude towards card-playing and other ethical problems is that of the early Methodists.

Readers of this stimulating work are warned against drawing general conclusions from the evidence furnished by this inquiry, which has been confined to a particular class of adolescents. Dr. Leitner holds that many similar monographs are needed; the great confessions and Churches of every name, together with the various youth movements and associations, should furnish 'stones for the rearing of the great temple.' Only when this and other investigations have been completed will it be possible to form a satisfactory theory and to determine what are the psychological principles revealed in the religion of youth. This work is to be highly commended, alike for its methodical collation of valuable evidence, for its lucid summaries of the inferences which may be legitimately drawn from it, and, above all, for its conclusive proof that religion and ethics are intimately related as root and fruit, and that Methodism is contributing its full share to the moral uplifting of the individual and the community.

J. G. TASKER.

BRITISH TRUSTEESHIP IN KENYA

THE recent declaration of His Majesty's Government as to its responsibility for its vast native population in Kenya has given profound satisfaction to all lovers of Africa, for no thoughtful student of the inter-racial problem of Africa can but be anxious as he sees the growing tendency to deny the Bantu of Africa his rights of manhood and citizenship in the land. The developing 'white' policy of Kenya has caused much concern in that colony. It may be well to review the present position in this East African possession.

Kenya is 225,000 square miles in extent (twice the size of Great Britain). Roughly, it is bounded by Tanganyika, Uganda, and Abyssinia—great native countries—and, of course, the Indian Ocean. The Government has alienated some 10,000 square miles of land to white use exclusively (see Government booklet, *Land*). True, as Dr. Leys shows (in *Kenya*, p. 79), one-third of this is freehold, and roughly two-thirds leasehold. Of this land, freehold is sold at 4s. per acre on the average; leasehold (ninety-nine years) from 6c. to 24c. per acre per annum. Since 1912 no new freehold grants have been made. The Government treats all lands as leasehold. Even the Soldier Settlement Scheme is now closed. The value of undeveloped land for coffee varies from £10 to £20 per acre. Mixed agriculture from £2 to £5. The carrying capacity of a grazing farm is, approximately, one ox to five acres. In urban areas, like Nairobi, residential sites range from £50 to £300 per acre.

Native labour is paid for from 2s. to 16s. per month, with food; average 8s.; and there is facile talk of 'moving the burden of taxation' slightly and imposing the bulk on these natives whose average wage is 8s. per month!

It is true that land cannot now be purchased from natives save in coastal areas, and that the native reserves cover 31,250 square miles. It is also stated by Government that other areas occupied by natives approximate to 130,000 square miles, but one fact must not be overlooked—the natives do not own any land in Kenya; it is held by Government in trust for the native people. Will the latter's interests be protected? The well-inclined says, 'yes,' at once, but there are reasons for grave doubt, and these are being voiced in many quarters, as we shall see.

True, the Masai, the Kikuyu, and the Kavirondo have not yet fully understood the grim meaning of this progressive white settlement in their lands, although there exists a native association which is becoming a power to be taken into account. The Swahilis of the coast-belt have little fear of being ousted; the climate is against extensive white settlement. Is not Mombasa called 'Hell's gate'?

In 1925 the white population was just over 12,500, the native roughly 3,000,000. And this handful of whites deny these millions of British subjects every right save that of taxpaying and working for a mere pittance on white farms, &c. True, there is Government control, which holds the land, not yet alienated to absolute white

use—'a sacred trust for civilization.' But even the *Times of East Africa* suggests that the adjective is out of place to-day, and the meaning of trust is being whittled away.

I have not modified my judgement of three years ago that :

(1) It is next to impossible to keep the white man out of the Highlands of Kenya ; the land is so rich and the climate so temperate.

(2) There is room for the white in this area.

(3) His presence may be, in the order of Providence, a benediction to the aborigines if he remains Christian in his attitude.

(4) What is imperative, and should be determined by imperial authority, is that no more native reserves, or land now occupied by natives outside the reserves, be alienated from native use.

But what is happening? The Legislative Council of Kenya has been considering a Bill for closer settlement. Crown lands are being made available for three types of settler : the small holder, the man who wishes 'mixed farming,' and the pensioner.

The first is initiated as a set-off against the criticism that Kenya is the place only for the rich man. It is the most interesting section of the scheme ; hence this detail.

'Scheme "A" provides for assisted passages and long-term loans up to £400 for selected applicants, there to be selected by a central Land and Selection Board composed of five members with powers to co-opt. A reservation is made, on the outskirts of Kitale, of forty-eight small holdings averaging approximately 200 acres each, not less than 100 acres of any holding being available, which is considered ample for the purposes of the scheme. The scheme also provides for the inclusion of applicants in Kenya, and it is intended to place such as are given in alternate allotment, so that the overseas settler shall benefit from the local allottee's experience. A further proposal is embodied that a small demonstration farm be established, so that assistance and instruction would be obtained from an experienced officer on the spot. The total cost of this farm is estimated at £1,100.

'No immediate payment for the land will be demanded until the expiration of three years, and thereafter spread over a period of seventeen years with interest at or near six per cent. as possible. A further sum of £200 over and above the initial advance of £400 may, in approved cases, be made available under similar rates of repayment. It is then left to the discretion of the proposed Land Bank as to further loans.

'A maintenance allowance of £5 per month per individual settler for twelve months will, it is hoped, be contributed by the Overseas Settlement Department towards living expenses. No houses will be built for the settler, but some simple form of shed and a concrete block apparatus installed for shelters are at the demonstration farm. No registered owner of agricultural holding in Kenya will be eligible under the scheme. Generally speaking, the advantage offered to home applicants should be enjoyed by selected local applicants.'

We content ourselves in voicing the criticism of the *Times of East*

Africa, fearless and pointed. It says: 'The imbecility of the schemes is such that the best service we can do for the colony is publicly to advise those in England, for whom the schemes are baited, to have nothing to do with them.'

We reproduce the Government's own warning to would-be settlers in Kenya:

'Persons without capital or previous experience of the colony should on no account go to Kenya unless they have the certainty of continued employment.'

In the face of this warning the closer settlement scheme could only have one end—the creation of British poor white similar to Dutch poor white in South Africa.

At the same time as the above scheme was laid on the table of the Legislative Council, another Bill was set forth entitled the Native Lands Trust Bill. It provided for a board of officials and settlers to manage the native reserves. The Chief Commissioner for Native Affairs is but one of a committee. The thoughtful native, and those who have native and European interests equally at heart, at once saw the sinister possibilities in such a move.

When you hear the settler attitude defined as follows, you cannot wonder that there was wholesale criticism of the new Bill. Here is the statement: 'Let us find out for certain whether the native is necessary for farm work (i.e. whether the white man supplied with machinery can do without him). If the native is not necessary, then let us kick him out with all possible speed and leave him . . . in his own reserves, and see that he stays there. If he is necessary, then . . . native labour must be compulsory, and it must be pooled.'

This is taken from the *Rhodesian Herald* of January 28, 1927: 'The Rhodesian and the Kenya view is identical. So much so that a prominent Kenyan described this Native Lands Trust Bill as the "Native Vineyards Trust Ordinance, 1928"—another Naboth's Vineyard!'

In neither South Africa, Kenya Colony, nor Rhodesia is the land being dealt with in a manner that would suggest a sacred trust for civilization. Is it any wonder, therefore, that the Bantu people are beginning to say, 'Give us the Bible, but please don't take our land.'

We never acquiesced in the imperial veto being, in practice, taken away from the South African Union legislation. It would be well were the Union Parliament to drop all the Native Bills now before Parliament. It would be worth ten years of legislative action to evolve a satisfactory settlement of the land problem. But, thinking of Kenya, one may be fairly confident in the statement that the interests of the native people of the colony can only be properly protected by an independent administration, as in the case with Tanganyika Territory. In such work, imperial servants, as some one truly says, 'appear at their best.'

The problem of the interaction of white penetration in Africa and the guarding of the rightful interests of the natives of the land needs all the resources of wise statesmanship and Christian principles to reach

the just and happy solution. We say 'Christian principles' advisedly, for it is most assuredly true that if we, as white people in Africa, are not guided by the rudder of Christian justice we shall find ourselves driven on the rock of disaster—and broken.

Hence the welcome we accord the British Government's declared policy of native trusteeship, and we should welcome the appointment of a High Commissioner for East Africa.

ALLEN LEA.

PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY AS REVERENT AGNOSTIC

PROFESSOR JULIAN HUXLEY recently explained his attitude toward the Christian belief in the existence of a personal God as that of a 'reverent Agnosticism.' After queering the pitch by a casual reference to certain crude and anthropomorphic conceptions of God as if they were representative of orthodox thought on the subject, he says: 'Whether that personality exists or not, it is essentially unknowable to man.' Nothing, I think, need be remarked about the reverence of such a statement, but its so-called Agnosticism calls for comment. The professor may choose to hold his mind in abeyance concerning a personal God and say, 'He may or He may not be; I am neutral on the question,' but he cannot proceed on that ground to add any positive statement such as 'it [God's personality] is essentially unknowable to man.' His Agnosticism rules his assertion out of court. True, he may narrow his statement to mean that personality is a quantity which does not fall within the category of the senses; in other words, it is not knowable through the sense, therefore is unknowable to man. If so, then not only is he inconsistent as an Agnostic, but as representing scientific thought, which certainly has its supersensuous school, as in the case of ether, and if the analysis of the atom scarcely falls into the same category it is a long way in that direction. Furthermore, if the professor's statement is broadened out to mean that, generally speaking, personality is an unknowable quantity, it no more proves the non-existence of a personal deity than it does the non-existence of a personal man. No amount of mental quibbling can get away from Descartes' axiom of human existence: 'I think, therefore I am.' Professor Julian Huxley thinks, therefore he is; and there is plenty of sensuous evidence to prove the presence of the unknowable quantity, himself. The same applies to God.

In passing, why all this desire to depersonalize the universe and religion of God? In what sense is it likely to help the intelligent masses of perplexed youth who, presumably, have tried the old faith and found it wanting: a presumption which needs some qualification in face of such a statement as the following from a lawyer of wide experience: 'I hardly like to say it . . . but I state in all sincerity and earnestness that the youth of this nation is becoming utterly immoral.' There is no suggestion there of youth perplexed over religion or even the claims of decent morality. But, quite apart from

the criminal element, it would be truer to say that youth's perplexity in face of the Christian belief arises, not so much from a test of that faith, as a refusal to make the prescribed test. Be that as it may, and granted youth on the higher ground of perplexed desire for the best, how is the problem helped by the elimination of the divine personality? If there be any advantage we may test it from the lower end by eliminating human personality in a specific instance. We have before us Professor Huxley, microscope, lab., and all, mentally perplexed over a process in nature; well depersonalize the mass; in other words, resolve it, by explosion or otherwise, into dust and gases, and let them, through the ordinary processes of nature, become again an inherent part of the race. To what extent has the mental problem been helped by the elimination of the personality concerned? The question will be characterized as ridiculous: as, of course, it is; and so are those theories which assume that a personal God is the one snag in the universe, and that any single problem is settled by His elimination. Remove human personality from the earth, and what value or meaning or possibility remains? It is personality alone that thinks in such categories. Carry the process a stage further back, because the earth is only part of a system; remove the great scriptural assumption of a divine personality, and where the gain? I can conceive of none, nor do I think the microscope can reveal any.

The professor lands himself in a peculiarly vicious circle when he takes into his purview something approaching that conception of God which the New Testament presents to the intelligent believer. He cannot ignore either its transcendence or its immanence: but these traits are there, he asserts, as the result of theology's trimmings to save its face in the light of science. Something might be said in favour of the assertion, if the apostles, and the host that may claim affinity with them, had lived in this century instead of in the first. Leaving that, however, he takes this enlightened Christian conception of God's personality to dismiss it as *super*-personal or really not personality at all. It would be difficult in these days to find a psychologist who would boldly describe the circle beyond which man's personality cannot go; how is it that the biologist can rush in and dogmatize where psychologists fear to tread? However, the professor does it, and for the simple reason that he wants to disparage that worthy conception of God which is held by so many intelligent Christians, with or without science. But let us concede for a moment that the conception is shaped in the main by scientific thought, then science is responsible for so dealing with the theme as to make personality super or meaningless. We have, then, science leading the way at one end, and, at the other, eating its own tail—in the proverbial fashion of the snake. Which may amuse the onlooker, but is of little use to honest doubters. Verily these are strange methods of dealing with perplexed youth.

Turning to the purpose of these unwarrantable assumptions and invalid arguments, it is to clear the way for the hope of the future—a religion without God; religion as a function of human nature;

religion which we are to churn out of humanity as secretions from our glands; humanity in the mass its own deity—that is what it amounts to. This is not a very original idea; for undergraduates were rhyming on it thirty years ago: it is older than that; for, in a sense, the Romans tried, by attributing godlike qualities to the office of the Caesars. In those days the Empire was declining rapidly, and the order did not retard the process. It is older than that, and the history of the old civilizations fairly show what culture can do at evolving religion out of humanity. It is useless to argue that they were the slaves of ignorance and superstition, or that they were undeveloped in the arts and sciences. Their golden ages cannot be despised, for they gave us our classic models in stone, outshone us in mathematics and poetry, and the outcome religiously was a sky without stars and death without hope. So much for this hoary old failure of man as his own deity, and I leave sane intelligent youth to decide whether it faces in the same direction with nothing but the old broken reed to lean upon—one's self.

J. WESLEY HART.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN PAGANISM

WHAT has Christ to do with Apollo? Much, every way; for consider who this Apollo is, the president of the Muses, the spirit of delight, the symbol of earthly beauty and glory. No longer may we, like the early Fathers and the Puritans, dismiss the pagan gods as devils, and turn our backs upon the deep, dark problem. Let us rather hold to it that Christ is the true Source and Author of those 'things that are more excellent,' the central Fountain whence come all the scattered drops of beauty, truth, and goodness. To denounce and defy is not enough; the great man is always the transforming man, and we must transform and win over our enemy. He who delighted to call Himself the Bridegroom, the Master of the feast of life. He alone is sufficient for the task.

As one of our modern prophets has reminded us, delight is itself a spiritual value, of which the worldly and the vicious know nothing. Therefore we can no longer set Apollo to grind moral corn at the Philistine mill: he refuses altogether to go in chains, unless, indeed, the links be made of love. That is the faith of the heart; but what of the head? We must wrestle with the problem; some new synthesis, some new wholeness of thought and life; that, surely, is our urgent and pathetic need if we are to go forward into the new Puritanism.

'Thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece'—that was the issue in Zechariah's day, three hundred years before Christ, and that is the issue to-day. The prophet saw Alexander the Great, with sword and horse, pushing his conquests eastwards, spreading Greek culture and Greek ideas everywhere. The real struggle was to come, deeper and even more significant than that between such mighty kingdoms

as Assyria and Egypt. For to the Hebrew, with his passionate longing for holiness, the ideal was the 'righteous servant of Jehovah'; and to the quick-witted, beauty-loving Greek, keenly responsive to all 'the mighty world of eye and ear,' the ideal was, so to say, the 'super-man.'

Saint and *super-man*—is not that the issue which is being fought out under our eyes to-day? Christianity is at grips with secularism, paganism; and in that paganism there is much of the Greek spirit at its best, a charm, a something which we cannot lightly condemn. Our 'intellectuals' are refusing to be bound by what they call 'the religiosity of the Hebrews'; and, in practical life, the plain man is apt to be intelligent, decent-living, kindly, attractive, and—*dead*, spiritually dead, or dying, like a tree, from the top downwards. We are faced with the partial collapse of the old pieties, the old loyalties of hearth and home and church. The middle-aged look back upon an earlier generation for whom daily life in the main meant *work*, *chapel*, *bed*—and very little else. Now life is so crowded with leisure-time interests we are becoming like spoilt children, so taken up by the appurtenances of life and its wonderful toys that we forget to ask what life itself is about. We are in danger of spending our days in the 'passionate pursuit of trivialities. . . .' Father and son, mother and daughter, gaze at one another across wellnigh impassable gulfs. No wonder so many preachers bemoan the indifference and defiance of youth. 'Sin' is almost an empty word; brilliant novelists and others assure us that it is only moral growing-pains, the 'unmoralized residuum of our animal impulses!' *Experience, life*, is the thing; to warm both hands before the fire of life, that is our highest wisdom; and if there should be a God of righteousness, as old-fashioned people still declare, well, He will not be hard upon us; He will let us off—'C'est Son métier.'

Hence the unsatisfied longings, the tormented unrest, in life and literature to-day. He who makes light of sin will find sooner or later that sin will make light of him; he will learn with anguish that

We are creatures of splendour and flame,
Of shuddering also and tears.

Reason, ceaseless self-cultivation, and the aesthetic response to all the beauty and glory of life, these in themselves are not sufficient, as many a wilful genius has found to his cost. We must go on, and go deeper; our philosophy of life must rest on the nature of things, or else our house of life will collapse. Robert Bridges has reminded us, almost with his dying breath, that it was precisely here that the Greeks failed:

In love of fleshly prowess, Hellas over-esteemed
The nobility of passion and of animal strength.

She neglected that 'spiritual combat' that lies at the heart of life and gives it its deepest meaning.

If we cannot remain where we are to-day we certainly cannot put back the clock as some would have us do. Not for us the old-time Puritanism, with its dazzling whites and inky blacks, its grim limitations. The many-coloured life of to-day refuses that fatally simple plan; that safe little world has been shattered. Nor may we cut the knot, in the manner of some, by unconsciously identifying Christ with Apollo. Principal Rainy once said to a brilliant young preacher: 'We older men knew what Christ did for us on Calvary, but who is *this beautiful Apollo* whom you younger men worship? And what exactly has he done for you?'

How, then, can we reconcile Zion and Greece, or how draw the line in thought and in practical life? Surely the answer must be: We cannot. But Christ can and does; He is the great Reconciler. In Him, and in Him alone, is the marriage of Zion and Greece, of Puritanism and Humanism. Through Him alone can we become good enough, strong enough, wise enough to be human and natural in the fullest and highest sense without being worldly and unspiritual and shallow. He who has learned that has mastered the terribly difficult art of living, for Christ's touch will be upon him, turning life's very dust to purest gold, transforming and redeeming the stubborn material according to His great ideas about us, His holy purposes of love for even the least and the lowest. Only in that sense may we echo the Apostle's great word, 'All things are yours . . . AND [that is, only because] ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.'

In these dark, confused days we are reaching out towards some new kind of synthesis, some kind of sane balanced Humanism without which the older Puritanism can never be made perfect. That is what the Renaissance was feeling after, as Professor Grierson has been reminding us in his great book, *Cross Currents of English Literature in the Seventeenth Century*. How to combine the Renaissance and the Reformation, that was the great problem then, as it is for us in the twentieth century. Erasmus and others might have solved it; Milton did almost succeed in his day. But, as the writer points out, the formal theology of Puritanism got the upper hand, since which the two streams have continued to diverge. And now, perhaps, the two are coming together once more. Not yet are 'sacred' and 'secular' reconciled, but Christian thought is busy breaking down the artificial barriers between them. Still there is the deep, dark enmity: 'Thy sons, O Zion, against thy sons, O Greece.' For the ordinary practical Christian, no doubt, the less Christ has to do with Apollo the better. Even Plato excluded the poet from his ideal republic. But Christ is greater than Plato, greater even than glorious Apollo himself; and therefore the unbaptized forces of life shall yet share in the grand process of redemption.

Meanwhile, who is sufficient for these things? Perhaps some twentieth-century William Blake will arise, some 'saint-artist-philosopher,' who shall miraculously combine the commanding power of a systematic thinker, the self-authenticating vision of a seer, and the humble loving spirit of a little child. And if for us the intellectual

problem remains, there is for each of us the loving heart that can always find out the way, the way to the full treasures of life.

CHARLES A. GIMBLETT.

The Faith of a Moralist: being the Gifford Lectures for 1926-8. By A. E. Taylor. Two volumes (Series I. and II.). (Macmillan. 1930. 15s. each.) There has been an old quarrel between philosophy and religion. The issue was joined long before Plato wrote his famous passage on the stories of the gods of Olympus, to show that with their characters—petulant and undignified—they were the ruin of good morals. But the philosophers have never been able to leave religion alone, or even to treat it altogether as a foe. Have not the greatest of our theologians been philosophers? Thomas Aquinas (Professor Taylor reminds us) certainly deserves that noble title. And it would be absurd to say that our great philosophical leaders have been anti-religious. Many of them, indeed, like Kant, have worked towards a 'religion within the bounds of mere reason'; or, again like Kant, they have found the clearest evidence for the existence of God from the contemplation of what is implied by the undoubted authority of the moral sense or the conscience. Analyse the moral sense, they have said, and you will find that you cannot stop short of God, as its author and consummator. Such, though in a somewhat different form from Kant's, was the argument of our English Kantian, now too little read, T. H. Green. Professor Taylor, whose earliest work, *The Problem of Conduct*, was an avowed and formidable criticism of Green, now returns to that starting-point. As his title implies, you cannot be a moralist without faith. But what is that faith, and how far does it take us? The two volumes before us are the moralist's *Confessio*. The argument of the former is, put very briefly, that the moral life would be inexplicable if we did not pass in thought from the temporal to the eternal. For the imperative of which we are aware in morals does not simply look to a better world here; it urges us to a satisfaction and a perfection which is not of this world, to an absolute and final good which is nothing less than God; indeed, the moral sense itself is something more than an imperative which has somehow been placed within the breast; it is the voice of God; this is seen, indeed, clearly, if we reflect on the sense of shame and of guilt, which even cries out for punishment when we have done wrong. Thus it is the eternal which really 'takes the initiative,' and explains this world by the next, instead of vice versa; and, when we remember that the goal of the moral life is to love, we are driven, so to speak, to recognize and aim at the spiritual world. In the second volume Professor Taylor writes more like a theologian and an ecclesiastic than a religious teacher or champion. But, like all Gifford Lecturers, he is debarred from urging the claims of any one religion, and the subject of these lectures is rather the historical religions in general. Rightly to understand these (and they cannot be motioned aside as insignificant) we have to reckon with the authority to embody a definite revelation, to which they all lay claim.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Old Testament Wisdom Books and Their Teaching. By Harry Ranston, M.A., D.D., Litt.D. (Epworth Press, 10s.)

A CAREFUL and comprehensive work on the Wisdom literature of the Old Testament is sure of a warm welcome from students. For many years the field of the Pentateuch and the Law of Moses has been well worked, and it is by no means yet worked out, as Eissfeldt and Adam Welch have shown. The study of the religious teaching of the Old Testament tends naturally to concentrate on the Prophets, on which much good work is still being done (for example, the recent commentary on Amos by Cripps). The Wisdom books are not so obviously fertile, either for controversy or for edification. Dr. Davison's admirable little work on the Wisdom literature was tantalizingly brief, and it was written a long while ago. Since then, curious ethnic parallels to that literature have come into the light (Ahikar, the 'Babylonian Job,' and Amen-em-ope). The books have always had a fascination for non-professional students of religion and the Old Testament such as Froude, Dillon, and Jastrow. The books themselves are strangely 'modern.' They are not only free from those particularistic conceptions which, for the Jew, replaced the more usual considerations of national pride (Jehovah as the national God, Moses as the national lawgiver, and Israel itself as the chosen nation); they move in that country of problems of conduct, faith, divine government, Nemesis, Providence, nature, and human life, and even the affection (if not quite in our sense of the word, romantic) between the sexes, where they jostle with Omar Khayyám, Swift, H. G. Wells, and D. H. Lawrence. Further, a great deal of work has actually been done on them of late years; notably by Toy on Proverbs, Driver and Gray on Job, and McNeile on Ecclesiastes; work which does not, indeed, make the books in question more immediately accessible and intelligible to the 'average' reader; but which does provide the expositor with materials for making the books recognizable as what they really are; daring discussions of the ultimate riddles of life, flung against a background of belief in the meaning and value of life which constantly grows dim but never wholly fades away—sometimes, indeed, shines out of the clouds with surprising and impressive splendour.

To gather up all this recent work, and to pass in review the various theories that have been founded on it, is the task that Dr. Harry Ranston, of Trinity Methodist College, Auckland, New Zealand, has set himself to perform. Dr. Ranston is already known for the claim

he has made, and very worthily defended, that the Wisdom literature has been influenced by Greek literature earlier than the Stoics and Epicureans ; more particularly by Theognis and writers of his time ; and who would blame Dr. Ranston if, in the book he has just written, affection had given Theognis a somewhat larger place than strict justice might assign him ? As a matter of fact, the contact between Greek (and Egyptian and Babylonian and Persian) moral and religious speculation on the one hand, and the Wisdom books on the other, is but a minor topic. Dr. Ranston, who has rather the production of an adequate and reliable text-book in mind, proceeds on a definite plan. After a general introduction on the literature as a whole, he deals with Proverbs, Job, the Song of Songs, and Ecclesiastes *seriatim*, first with a chapter on introduction, and then with a chapter on the teaching, of each of the four. His method, to catalogue all the different and often conflicting views about the construction of the books, and all the opinions, often as conflicting, found in the books, produces at times an effect that is almost bewildering. But the reader will generally find, at the end of each discussion, that he is on the way to make up his own mind ; and Dr. Ranston, though he keeps himself cleverly and modestly in the rear, has his own way of pointing to the conclusions that he wishes the reader to prefer. These conclusions for the most part incline to what may be called the moderately critical. Proverbs, for example, is 'not pre-exilic, but it contains pre-exilic matter ; references to the after-life in that matter-of-fact collection are not probable ; Elihu's speeches were probably not a part of the original poem of Job ; the atmosphere of Ecclesiastes is typically Greek. But even if, often, in the multitude of counsellors, the reader will be left with a divided mind, he will have no doubt as to the abiding religious value of the books ; and if the author, in his desire to be comprehensive, does not probe very far beneath the surface in dealing with the titanic struggles of Job or the agonized writhing of parts of Koheleth, he leaves no uncertainty as to his belief in the claim of each of the four books (the Song as much as any of the rest) to its place in the canon.

The Atonement and the Social Process. By Shailer Mathews. (Macmillan Co. 8s. 6d.)

The Dean of the Divinity School of the University of Chicago feels that the really critical moment for a religion comes when a new social mind challenges it to give reasons for its existence. That issue is not forced by science alone, for the scientific method presupposes faith in working hypotheses, rather than absolute knowledge. 'The severest test to which religion can be subjected is that set by the mind-set of social groups.' A religion must be intellectually respectable if it is to win permanent standing in a social order. The history of Christianity is one phase of general history, and to value its doctrines as an element in our modern religious life we must see whether the doctrine historically developed 'meets a new tension which has

resulted from the passage of Christian life and thought into a different mould from that in which the doctrine was needed and developed. For religious experience is more permanent than its intellectual vindication.' Jesus Christ is the centre of the Christian doctrine of salvation, and one outstanding element of His significance has been His death and resurrection, as means of salvation. His Cross has been a focus of the Christian religion. Dr. Shailer Mathews considers the theories of the Atonement as cast in various patterns—the messianic, the sacrificial, the legal, the sonship pattern, the imperial pattern in Western Christianity, in feudalism, in monarchy. The Christian religion is not a doctrine of the Atonement, but 'a way to the attainment of the highest personal goods through personal relation with man and God. Any exposition of the death of Christ should aid the development of such a life. Only thus will it be consistent with the teaching and example of Jesus, whose gospel made love the sole way of approach to a God who Himself was loving.' This is a book which sheds welcome light on a subject which forms the core of our religion.

Mysticism: A Study in the Nature and Development of Man's Spiritual Consciousness. By Evelyn Underhill. (Methuen & Co. 15s.)

This is a twelfth revised edition of the outstanding book on mysticism. Since the first edition appeared in March 1911, mysticism has come to be regarded, not as a by-way of religion, but the religious experience of man in an intensive form. The increasing emphasis on transcendence, and the new friendship to the concept of the supernatural, have made both philosophy and theology ever more favourable to the metaphysical claims of the mystics. So much has the atmosphere changed that Miss Underhill says, if she were now planning her work, she would present its arguments differently. She would lay more stress on the 'richly living, yet unchanging, character of the Reality over against the mystic, as the first term, cause, and incentive of his experience'; on the utter contrast, yet profound relation, between the Creator and the creature, God and the soul, which makes possible his development; and on the predominant part played in that development by the free and prevenient action of the supernatural—in theological language, by grace. Her illuminating preface brings out clearly the significance of this recent attitude. She has been able to revise her quotations from the mystics by comparison with the critical texts which have been published since 1911, and the increased size of the historical appendix and bibliography shows how rapidly the literature of the subject is growing. The work is divided into two parts: the Mystic Fact and the Mystic Way. The transcendent life is found in the soul of man so long as that soul is alive and growing. The story of man's spirit ends in a garden, a place of fruitfulness, of beautiful and natural things. Divine fecundity is its secret; existence, not for its own sake, but

for the sake of a more abundant life. That is the goal towards which this fine study leads us step by step.

The Idea of Immortality and Western Civilization. By Robert A. Falconer. (H. Milford. 4s. 6d.)

The President of the University of Toronto delivered this notable Ingersoll Lecture in 1930. The conception of immortality has been clarified through the process of history, and Dr. Falconer traces that development from the hey-day of Athens, and Virgil, through Judaism, on to the passionate faith in the reality and character of a future life with which Jesus inspired His followers. During the last two thousand years the worth of human beings has developed enormously within Christendom, and individual immortality is based on the conviction that there is some life worth perpetuation beyond physical death. Pure love carries in itself the prophecy of its own immortality. 'Whether definitely Christian or not, the hope of immortality is rooted in man's experience of love, goodness, and reason.' It is an impressive argument for which many will be grateful.

The Doctrine of God. By Albert C. Knudson. (Abingdon Press. \$3.50.)

This was the most important subject discussed at the Lambeth Conference, and many will turn with special interest to the fuller discussion of the subject by the Professor of Systematic Theology in the University of Boston. A notable critic describes it as the first really great book on the doctrine of God written by an American in the last quarter of a century. Dean Knudson divides his work into two parts: the Province of Theology and the Doctrine of God. The duty of theology is to define the nature of true religion, to eliminate what is out of harmony with it, to systematize its teaching, and to present it to the world in a way that will appeal to the common intelligence. Scripture and the history of the Church teach what is the essence of Christianity; theology has to expound its intellectual content and justify it from the standpoint of the common reason and the common religious experience. Its ultimate justification it must find in itself. The writer then reaches the subject of the existence of God. The theistic world view is 'the line of least resistance' for the intellect as for the moral and religious nature. His omnipotence, omnipresence, and eternity 'set God on high as the "wholly Other," the Absolute, a Being to be worshipped and adored, rather than fully understood.' An omniscient mind must take account of the changing world order, and, in so far as it does this, it leaves the way open to such adjustments to human need as are implied in the doctrine of the divine Fatherhood. The important thing is the love of God toward man, and to speak of God as Christ-like is equivalent to saying that He is, in His essential nature, love.

The Trinitarian doctrine is dependent on faith in the Christlikeness of God. The study is a lucid and impressive exposition of the doctrine of God; one that inspires faith and deepens reverence into love.

The Life of the Spirit in the Modern Man. By J. Henry Bodgener. (Epworth Press. 3s. 6d.)

The quest of this book is the freedom of the spirit. It begins with the spirit in its slumber, and describes its awakening, its discovery of itself when Christ throws open to it the gates of new life. Coming to oneself is attaining likeness to God. The Cross is something we learn to become. It reveals the very heart of God and our own hearts when redeemed by His power. Mr. Bodgener throws light on the highways of the spirit, in its roads of beauty, truth, and love; he describes its development, its conflicts, its discipline, and finally brings in the witness of the Holy Spirit, 'a conviction, not perfect or even unbroken, but a steady, growing, deepening conviction that two, and not one, are on the Road—the self and that other Self—and the vivid sense that God and the spirit in man have met together at the mystic frontiers, recognized one another, and clasped hands. If the Christian life is different from any other kind of life, some such transaction must have taken place, concerning which it is impossible to remain in ignorance.'

Divers Orders of Ministers. By W. Lockton, B.D. (Longmans & Co. 10s. 6d.)

The Vice-Principal of Winchester Diocesan Training College claims in this 'Inquiry into the Origins and Early History of the Ministry of the Christian Church,' to present a quite original view of the origins of the Christian ministry which solves numerous problems. He first describes the organization of the Jewish Church in the time of our Lord, drawing his material from the Scriptures, the writings of Josephus, and the tractates of the Talmud. Then he considers the organization of the New Kingdom of God, the work of the Holy Spirit, and the orders of deacons and elders as shown in the Epistles and the Apocalypse. His third part traces the subject in the early Church. He begins with the Didache, the Epistle of Clement, and the 'Shepherd' of Hermas; then he turns to Papias, Ignatius, Polycarp, and Irenaeus, and closes with a study of the organization of the Metropolitan Churches in Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch. These, he says, retained their twofold ministry for varying lengths of time, their elders, however, being in episcopal orders, though only the president was normally called a bishop. The three chief orders of ministry in the Christian Church corresponded to those of the Jewish Church. The 'double twofold ministry, of higher and lower authority, has become in practice the traditional threefold ministry of the Church—bishops, priests, and deacons.'

Mysterium Christi. Edited by G. K. A. Bell and Adolf Deissman. (Longmans & Co. 15s.)

The mature thought of leading theologians in two nations is represented in this volume. It grew out of the World-Conference at Stockholm in 1925, which was followed by meetings at Canterbury and on the Wartburg, where thirteen English and German theologians met to discuss 'the nature of the Kingdom of God and its relation to human society.' The results are found in this volume which Dr. Mozley and Dr. Frick have specially prepared. Dr. Deissman writes on 'The Name Jesus,' and other thinkers deal with Christology and soteriology, the Cross of Christ, the Jesus of history, and kindred subjects. The alphabetical list of contributors shows the claim of such masters to attention. Professor Kittel of Tübingen feels that the Jesus of history is valueless and unintelligible unless He is experienced and confessed by faith as the living Christ. 'The Christ of faith has no existence, is mere noise and smoke, apart from the reality of the Jesus of history. These two are utterly inseparable in the New Testament.' Professor Micklem of Ontario concludes his paper with the sentence: 'The divinity of Jesus Christ must remain central to the thought of Christianity, because only in terms of His life and character can we apprehend and define the nature of the God in whom we trust.' Dr. Mozley finds the fundamental distinction between Christ and men is that between the Saviour and the saved. That concentrates on the Cross, of which Dr. Althaus writes a striking paper. The antagonism to Jesus reveals the world's antagonism to God. There is a triumphant note in Dr. Frick's contribution, 'The Hidden Glory of Christ and its Coming Revelation.' The Bishop of Chichester emphasizes, in the closing essay, the importance of close union between the theologian and the pastor in these days, where there is so great a necessity for systematic thought about the meaning of Christianity. That gives this set of papers a peculiar and urgent claim on attention, and it will well repay the most careful study.

Psychology and God. By the Rev. L. W. Grensted, M.A., B.D. (Longmans & Co. 10s. 6d.)

The Bampton Lectures for 1930 deal with a subject which is arousing great interest. Behaviourism and psycho-analysis appear to challenge Christian faith, and Professor Grensted analyses the grounds of the attack and shows that Christianity is the most adequate of all interpretations of life. His story of modern psychologies brings out the fact that man is the end of their study. They tell us nothing about God, and life is really a matter between God and the souls of men. Their attack leaves untouched 'the essential basis of theism in our response to creative Reality.' Any hypothesis, save that of a personal God, is 'inadequate, to the point, we might almost say, of absurdity.' The lecture on 'Spiritual Healing and

'Psychological Process' deals wisely with a difficult subject, and brings out the fact that religion is the most powerful of all curative forces. Some valuable suggestions are made for 'Spiritual Direction,' 'Group Psychology and the Church' lays stress on the fact that faith is corporate, and is meaningless unless God, through Christ, is drawing man to Himself. The world of the psychologist demands a creative reality, and solves its problems in love, but it is meaningless unless beyond it is a higher level of Reality, the Eternal, 'whose love hardly veils, yet sufficiently for our bearing, a glory of splendour unapproachable.' The closing lecture is on 'The Claim of Christian Theism.' Christ claimed a living and personal intimacy with the unseen Reality, and, through 'the direct and human way of friendship and forgiveness,' He still lives as the Way, the Truth, and the Life. This is a luminous and much needed discussion of a vital subject.

Founded on Rock: United not Uniform Christianity. By Frank Ballard, D.D. (James Clarke & Co. 6s.)

Dr. Ballard maintains that 'organic union' is not, as some suppose, the solution of all our modern Christian problems. He holds, from a careful consideration of facts, that such union is impossible, and holds also that it was never contemplated by Christ or His apostles. Nor has it become essential for the real purpose of Christ's whole mission. All that is either possible or necessary for the purposes of Christ's Kingdom is 'the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' *Love the Law of Life*, the title of Kagawa's book, is the heart of Christianity. The differences of interpretation upon which the Churches to-day lay such stress are trifling; the only way to victory is 'the way of Paul and Kagawa—"through Him that loved us"—who therefore expects love's obedience in return from every one who bears His name.' It is a powerful discussion of the whole subject.

Foreshewings of Christ. The Rev. A. D. Martin's Old Testament Studies deal with the preparation for Christ in Hebrew History. They make full use of critical investigation of the sources of the fascinating account of Balaam, and dismiss as unreliable the disparaging verses in Num. xiii. 8 and 16, which govern the evil repute of the soothsayer. To vindicate Saul, Mr. Martin sets Samuel in an unpleasing light. He asks, 'Does not the actual record of Scripture justify us in thinking that the tragedy of Saul proceeded, not so much from his connexion with a Higher Power, as from his relations with the man who interpreted that Higher Power to him? Samuel, and not any divine corner-stone, is the stone of stumbling and the rock of offence for Saul.' That opinion will need to be considered carefully. The attempt to explain the great story of the translation of Elijah by a desert storm is in pitiful contrast to the Bible record. Hosea's marriage with Gomer makes a suggestive study. 'The glamour of her beauty, mingled, as I have thought, with gifts of song and wit, whilst daily enthralling her husband's graver nature, was unrestrained

by any steadfastness of religious purpose.' Probably, like Tennyson's Guinevere, she craved more colour in her husband's affections than he was willing to reveal. All the sketches are suggestive and full of literary charm.

Jesus—Lord or Leader? By Frank Lenwood. (Constable & Co. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Lenwood believes that, for all His uniqueness, Jesus was 'divine only in the sense in which it is possible to use the word of any other good and great man.' He thinks that he has come to know what 'the brave, beloved figure of Jesus really means,' and is convinced that 'the way of Jesus is the sure way of deliverance and progress, for peoples as for individuals.' His account of his own work, as tutor and pastor at Mansfield College, missionary in India, and one of the Foreign Secretaries of the London Missionary Society, makes his present position the more difficult to understand, and his discussions of the historic value of the Fourth Gospel and the trust we may give the Synoptics are unconvincing. He even holds that 'once we get beyond the Gospels, the New Testament provides no evidence about the life of Jesus which would justify a mind of to-day in overriding the apparent indications of the Gospels themselves that Jesus was human and subject to human frailty.' The attempt to lessen the force of Matt. xi. 28-9 is feeble. Mr. Lenwood cannot accept Jesus as 'God the Son,' but finds His real value in His unique assurance of God as Father, an assurance on which we can stake everything. That leaves us to base our Christianity, not on a divine Teacher, but on a man whose intellect and knowledge were limited like our own. It is the Unitarian position, and, though we feel the writer's sincerity and his high estimate of the teaching of Jesus, he robs it of any real claim on our obedience, for Christ becomes one of ourselves, and we can no longer say, 'Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life.'

Evolution and the Break-up of Christendom. By C. Leopold Clarke. (Marshall, Morgan & Scott. 6s.) The writer holds that there can be 'no reconciliation of the central facts of the Christian revelation with the theory of man's bestial origin and gradual upward progress, because the entire purport of redemption is to raise man from an otherwise irremediable position of ruin, due to the disobedience of the first man.' He argues that position with much skill and wide knowledge of the subject. The section in which he dwells on the signs of demoralization and unbelief in present-day life is one to make a reader pause. Even those who regard a proper theory of evolution as consistent with theism, and cannot follow him in his uncompromising denunciation of the theory, will share his concern for the tendencies of the day and will feel how much need there is for wisdom in their attitude to the Bible and the training of the young. Mr. Clarke is Tutor in Church History and Comparative Religion at Wycliffe Bible College, Finchley, and his trumpet gives no uncertain sound.

The Challenge to the Church. By Bernard Herklots, M.A. (4s. 6d.)

Spiritual Stepping-Stones. By Alfred Thomas, M.A. (Skeffington & Son. 5s.) Mr. Herklots's object is to find points of contact between different schools of thought, and to suggest that the challenge which comes to the Anglican Church from many quarters should promote unity and be an argument for leaving controversy behind and bending all the Church's energies to a great constructive task. He brings out the challenge made by the world call, by science, the Bible, secularism, industrialism, agnosticism, by reunion proposals, the colour problem, and finance, in a clear and impressive way. The chapter on Reunion urges that Church people must get away from the mentality of controversy to that of charity, fellowship, and unity in Christ, for the problems will demand both sympathy and statesmanship in their handling. 'What the Church needs is the vision of a great constructive task to which she may bend her energies, and in which she may discover and achieve her unity. Such a task is there in the world call.' *Stepping-stones* provides a series of sermons for the Church's year. They are thoughtful, spiritual, and instructive, and will be a stimulus to many busy men in their own pulpit work, as well as a welcome book of devotion.

Man. What? Whence? Whither? By R. C. T. Evans, M.B., B.S., B.Sc. (Chatham: Parrett & Neves. 2s. 6d.) Dr. Evans here sets forth 'The Faith that is in me,' and the fact that the book has reached a fifth edition shows what interest it has aroused. He regards 'Jesus as a window by which we can get right to the heart of God, and we perceive that God is revealed in love.' God has 'uttered Himself into this universe as "a man like unto ourselves."' The author leans to reincarnation in the case of those who cling to earth-life, and holds that prayer can be all-powerful with God in physical as well as spiritual things. Perhaps the most interesting part of his book is that which deals with miracle. He believes that the resurrection 'of the material body of Jesus was a direct act of God's will, to *show* that death is in God's control.' Some extraordinary stories of Indian fakirs and jugglers will appeal to all students of such matters. Dr. Evans would not expect us to agree with all his conclusions, but he certainly thinks, and makes a reader think. He considers that, 'in many cases of ordinary collective séances, one hundred per cent. of the phenomena obtained (when genuine) are due to unconscious clairvoyance and thought-reading, by the medium, of the recollections (often subconscious) of the individuals who have come to inquire.'

Sermon Substance: A Preacher's Notes for One Year. By Frederic C. Spurr. (Epworth Press. 3s. 6d.) This is 'sermon stuff' which bears a stamp of approval from thousands of hearers in this country, America, and Australia. It deals with all the Church seasons, and has suggestive outlines on missions, the healing of disease, the true High Churchmanship, conscience, and a mission sermon on 'Forfeiting the Soul.' The value of such an addition to a preacher's library is that it guides and provokes personal thought and study.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1886-1901. Published by Authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by George Earle Buckle. (John Murray. 25s.)

THIS is the first volume of the Third and Final Series of Queen Victoria's Letters. The last fifteen years of her reign were full of events of national significance, and, despite her age, the Queen took an active part in them to within a few days of her death. The present volume carries us down to the close of 1890, two other volumes, now in active preparation, will complete the record of the reign. Mr. Buckle has sought to bring out all the Queen's 'distinctive qualities and opinions; not only those which manifest her greatness, but also those which reveal her limitations.' A representative selection of letters from her Ministers is given which throws light on the character of statesmen like Lord Salisbury, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Goschen. Introductory notes to each chapter, and explanatory notes at the foot of the page, help the reader to follow the course of events. The Queen's strong feeling about Home Rule finds expression in the early letters. She asks Mr. Goschen on January 27, 1886: 'Why can you, moderate, loyal, and patriotic Whigs, not join, and declare you will not follow Mr. Gladstone, and not support him? He will ruin the country if he can, and how much mischief has he not done already!' The Queen takes an active part in all the difficult questions of the time, and expresses her own views with the utmost frankness on political questions. We get glimpses of social events, such as the marriage of Gladstone's daughter, at which, the Prince of Wales says, 'we assisted,' and we follow the ill fortunes of Prince Alexander of Battenberg, 'betrayed and sold' by the very Bulgarians to whom he had done most good. His marriage, with his renunciation of princely rank, and his letter of apology to Queen Victoria are of special interest. Light is thrown on the relations of William II to Bismarck and to the Prince of Wales. The correspondence about bishoprics shows with what care appointments were made to Durham and York, and how the Queen reluctantly gave Dean Davidson, whom she so greatly trusted, to the see of Rochester. He himself felt that the change was necessary if he was to take his full part in the Church's life in London and in the House of Lords. The letters are a picture of the times and of the leading figures in the political, social, and religious world. They are not merely a fascinating study, but afford an intimate view of one of the most important periods in Queen Victoria's reign. The volume is beautifully printed and has portraits of the Queen, the Royal Family, and other royal and political figures of the time.

Henry James: Letters to A. C. Benson and Auguste Monod; now first published and edited, with an Introduction, by E. F. Benson. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot. 15s.)

This is a beautifully produced edition limited to 1,050 copies. The

letters to A. C. Benson are extracted from a correspondence which began in 1892 and extended over twenty years. Henry James had a genius for friendship, and it was lavished on Arthur Benson. The letters seem almost to be the voice which his editor often heard dictating to his typist in the garden-room at Lamb House. They give some pleasant glimpses of friends like Gosse, Percy Lubbock, and Julian Sturgis. They speak lovingly of the 'small broad hill-top community islanded in a more or less drained, though much diminished and otherwise curtailed and simplified, imitation of the Roman Campagna. Romney Marsh only wants a few aqueducts and ruins and tombs and temples and tourists to *strike*, really, with that resemblance.' The way he enters into Benson's life at Eton and Cambridge, his visit to Addington, and the 'noble courtesy and kindness' of Archbishop and Mrs. Benson—all come out vividly in the letters. He greatly admires Carlyle's *Sterling*, 'a wonderful gem of the bricks-without-straw (or comparatively without) family.' He finds part of the value of H. G. Wells in his 'cheek,' and has a twenty-four hours' visit from Hugh Walpole in 1909, when they become 'fast friends. I am infinitely touched by his sympathy and charmed by his gifts.' He says his visit to Eton in 1900 'enriched my mind. It lashed up my imagination. Not an ounce of it, not a flight of Mrs. Cornish's fancy, nor a hair of Mr. Luxmoore's head was lost upon me.' It is a choice memorial of a man of whose gifts, and of whose noble attitude in the Great War, his adopted country will always be proud. The correspondence with Auguste Monod, who was translating some of his stories into French, shows the fine temper of a man in another relation. It is a book that will be greatly prized by all who love Henry James.

The Business Biography of John Wanamaker, Founder and Builder. By Joseph H. Appel. (Macmillan Co. 21s.)

This is an inside view of the building up of one of the outstanding businesses of the world. Mr. Appel has been in daily contact with the founder and his sons for thirty years, and draws largely on John Wanamaker's own records for the biography. New York had less than 300,000 inhabitants when Wanamaker was born in 1838; Philadelphia, the scene of his great success, had less than 200,000; Chicago was a mushroom village on the outskirts of civilization. The father of John was a brickmaker who raised his family not without hardships and self-sacrifice. John began life as an errand boy at \$1.25 a week; then he worked in a clothing-store for \$2.50. When twelve years old he joined the Presbyterian Church, and when he was twenty began the Sunday-school work which made him famous all over the world. The Civil War was raging when he opened a clothing-store and took \$24.67 for gentlemen's collars, cuffs, and neckties on the first day. He spent \$24 of this in an advertisement and soon won support by his fixed prices and his undertaking to

return cash to any dissatisfied customer. He claimed that 'the Golden Rule of the New Testament has become the Golden Rule of business,' and guaranteed the quality of the goods he sold. After the war there was much lavish buying, and by its tenth anniversary the year's sales at Oak Hall had risen from \$24,150 to \$2,085,528. The average daily takings were 15,000 to 20,000 dollars, and 43 salesmen, 70 cutters, and 20 clerks were employed. Wanamaker was the soul of everything, and Mr. Appel shows what sagacity and enterprise he put into his business. It became a national institution, and in hard times the master was able to say, 'Most everybody stood by me.' In 1896 he took over the great store in New York which had been founded by A. T. Stewart but which had fallen on evil days. It was soon flourishing again, and his son and successor, Rodman, brought an artistic note into the business, and, during the six years that he survived his father, he 'inspired the creation of new weaves, new designs, and new fashions.' He believed that true art was founded on simplicity and harmony, and kept his hand on everything both in Philadelphia and New York. The biography helps one to realize what attention and enterprise are needed for carrying on a colossal business, and shows that the Golden Rule makes a solid foundation for firm and lasting commercial success. John Wanamaker regarded 'religion as the only investment that pays the largest dividends possible to receive, both in this life and in that to come.'

Luther and the Reformation in the Light of Modern Research.

By Heinrich Boehmer, late Professor in the University of Leipzig. Translated by E. S. G. Potter. (G. Bell & Sons. 16s.)

Professor Boehmer published this work in 1904, and to a great extent rewrote and enlarged it in later editions. The fifth was published in 1918. Modern research has thrown new light on Luther's personality and spiritual development, and his evolution can now be clearly traced. Professor Boehmer brings out his debt to the teaching of William of Occam on the Communion and on the omnipresence of the body of Christ, and still more to the Schoolman's attack on the Pope and the Councils. There Luther found 'a whole arsenal of weapons to use in the struggle against Catholic dogma and the Catholic constitutional and legal system.' 'The Evolution of the Reformation' is traced through the Diet of Worms to Luther's return to Wittenberg from his retreat in the Wartburg. A careful estimate is given of his position as scholar and artist. As commentator it is astonishing to see what a fine ear he had, even for the philological peculiarities of a text, and with what certainty he could develop, not only the religious ideas, but also the theological concepts. For him music was, of all God's gifts, save only the Bible, the highest and most precious. He was the first to give it a secure place in the services of the Church. The chapter on his 'private

character' makes it clear that he was by no means a drunkard, though he was 'very fond of good, pure wine.' Melancthon and Katharina von Bora, who cannot be accused of squeamishness, found him too coarse at times in his unrestrained *Table Talk*, and his consent to the bigamy of the Landgrave Philipp of Hesse does not do him credit. His German Bible and Lesser Catechism had large influence on the development of the German language. As a writer and stylist he was unequalled. 'Whether he is scolding, playful, mocking, scornful, plaintive, accusatory, admonitory, instructive, condemnatory, angry, always he astonishes us with his incomparable force and richness of expression, his absolutely inexhaustible abundance of original, yet entirely unforced, metaphors, his really amazing store of trenchant, popular expressions.' The book is fresh and suggestive, properly critical at points, but full of appreciation of the Reformer and his influence on the religion and civilization of his age. The translation has been done with care and skill.

Greek and Roman Mythology. By William Sherwood Fox.
(Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.)

The President of the University of Western Ontario seeks to present the myths of Greece and Rome as vehicles of religious thought. Their artistic worth and influence is regarded as of secondary interest. The peculiar cast of the legends, the names and epithets of the gods and heroes, the various versions of the myths, and the traditional interpretations of antiquity are considered, and it is borne in mind that a myth is a process and not a finished product. The Myths of the Beginning deal with the creation of the world and of man, myths of the Peloponnesos and other regions. The chapter on Herakles covers his birth and his twelve labours. Part II. gives the myths of the greater and lesser Greek gods; Part III. describes the mythology of ancient Italy. The chapters on the Voyage of the *Argo* and the Tale of Troy are vivid. Men from all parts hastened to enroll themselves in the expedition of the *Argo*. All of them were 'heroes, the crown of men, like gods in fight.' They elected Jason as their leader, and when the *Argo* passed into the open Aegean 'their arms shone in the sun as flames, as the ship sped on.' The Tale of Troy is a tissue of many stories woven at sundry times about a single great incident. Dr. Fox marshals the human personages by families, and brings out the chief features of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in a striking way. Then he turns to the Greek view of the soul and of death. The Greek stories of the after-world are all based on the conception that the soul has a life apart from the body. All the phenomena of life seemed to point to that truth. The illustrations are beautifully produced and full explanations of them are given on the reverse pages. The book is not only deeply interesting, but it lights up the whole course of Greek and Roman mythology in a striking way.

Thirteen-hundredth Anniversary of the Diocese of East Anglia.
Official Handbook edited by the Dean, with a Foreword
by the Lord Bishop. (Jarrold & Sons. 2s. 6d.)

*An Introduction to the Obedientiary and Manor Rolls of
Norwich Cathedral Priory.* By H. W. Saunders, M.A.,
D.Litt., F.R.H.S. (Jarrold & Son. 10s. 6d.)

Norwich has kept the thirteen-hundredth anniversary of the diocese of East Anglia with great rejoicing, and those who secure the official handbook will feel as though they were sharing in a memorable celebration. Canon Kendall's 'History of the Diocese' is no dry-as-dust record, but a living chronicle, which opens with the appearance of Felix, the Burgundian, who fixed his centre at Dunwich and worked unceasingly, without loss of heart or hope, for the people. The second missionary see had its centre at Elmham, and, in 1075, Thetford became the head of the diocese, until Herbert fixed his seat at Norwich in 1091 and next year laid the foundation stone of the cathedral. To provide for the proper rendering of the services he built a monastery for sixty monks. Herbert also built great churches at Yarmouth, Elmham, and King's Lynn. He was a man of real ability and untiring industry, and was truly religious, though he 'did not continually talk about holy things.' A clear outline is given of the history down to the eighteenth century, when the Wesleys did their wonderful work, and the nineteenth when the Primitive Methodists gained thousands of adherents in East Anglia. Dean Cranage traces the story of the cathedral and describes its chief architectural features. The Provost of Eton describes the bosses, which are nowhere in this country so numerous and so systematic in treatment. They represent the chief scenes of the Bible and illustrate the Revelation of St. John in detail. Other papers, on the Birkbeck copes, the Liturgical Use of Norwich, are followed by an account of the cathedral priory from Dr. H. W. Saunders, who has also prepared the volume on the obedientiary and manor rolls of the priory. Its publication has been made possible by the 'Friends' of the cathedral, and it is hoped that five other volumes may be called for. The monastery drew tribute from a hundred and fifty villages. Its revenue of £2,500 was equivalent to nearly £75,000 of our money, and the rolls, which cover more than three centuries, are alive with amusing and vital entries. They would stretch to about 3,760 feet, and contain about seven and a half million words. Fuel, corn, droves of beasts, barrels of eels, and other fish, with thousands of eggs, pass through the gates. Dr. Saunders gives a full account of the rolls and of the chief officials of the priory. The master of the cellar saw to the prior's personal expenditure and private entertainment, gave presents to the guests, had charge of legal matters, and was assisted by a staff of nearly fifty clerks, squires, lads, and general servants. The almoner had to dispense charity. Nearly ten thousand loaves were distributed every year, with many

gifts of cloth and footwear. In 1284 the eggs used in the first, third, and fourth quarters average 5,879, 10,192, 9,891; in 1516 the average per week was 8,595, and in 1526 it rose to 10,122. Dr. Saunders has given the 'Friends' of the cathedral an extraordinarily interesting volume, and we hope he will be able to complete his most valuable research:

Norfolk and Suffolk. By M. R. James, Provost of Eton. Illustrated by G. E. Chambers, F.S.A. (Dent & Sons. 5s.)

This is an extraordinary book to be produced at such a price, for it is packed with photogravures and other illustrations of great beauty, and the Provost of Eton, who knows East Anglia and loves it, has written about the churches, scenery, and history of the two counties as one who for forty-four years had a home at the rectory of Great Livermere, one of the most delightful bits of park scenery in Suffolk. Dr. James's notes have been made at various times during the last fifty years, and they are rich in pleasant details. Furniture, wall-paintings, the finest brasses in England, all have their due share of attention, and the saints and their shrines fill many interesting pages. Norwich is as full of historic interest as any city in England, and the cathedral, and some of the churches that will best repay a visit, are described. It is a real treat, as well as a constant source of pleasant instruction, to turn these pages, and at every step our obligation to author, artist, and publisher keeps growing stronger.

The Great Awakening in Virginia, 1740-1790. By Wesley M. Gewehr. (Cambridge University Press. 18s.)

This book comes from the Duke University Press at Durham in North Carolina, and shows the far-reaching effects of the series of evangelical revivals which swept the colony in wave after wave during the thirty or forty years preceding the American Revolution. The Virginian planter modelled his life on that of the English country gentleman, and was often ruined by his extravagance. Fêtes, balls, feasts, horse-races, and cock-fights were popular, and gambling ruined many a wealthy planter. The Church had little influence on the gentry and meant next to nothing to the common people. The Presbyterian ministers were too few, and 'a little too educated for the masses and, zealous as some of them were, it required the added stimulus of the Baptist and Methodist revivals adequately to meet the religious needs of the interior.' Samuel Davies sought to promote Christianity by changing the hearts and lives of men. His sermons were plain and pungent, and his example developed a new style of oratory that was natural, warm, direct, and had great dignity of style. He was the earliest hymn-writer of colonial Presbyterianism, and his success began a movement which raised common folk to a respectable plane in society and politics. Under Baptist influence

the Great Awakening became both more popular and more extravagant, and had to bear much sharp persecution. A counter-awakening came in 1776, under Devereux Jarratt and his Methodist allies. Jarratt began his ministry in 1763, and carried the awakening from the Presbyterians to the Anglicans. He was a powerful and unwearying evangelist who preached five times a week, administered the Sacrament to many hundreds, and amid his restless wanderings never neglected his own people. 'The phenomenal spread of Jarratt's revival after 1773 was due to the fact that it really became a part of the great Methodist awakening. In fact, it lost its identity, and Jarratt merely became a colleague, although an invaluable one, of the Wesleyan itinerants.' Robert Williams only had three years to labour, but before his death, in 1775, he had planted Methodism permanently in Virginia. That summer, Rankin made a tour of the southern part of Virginia with Jarratt. Rankin preached with great effect, and Shadford 'became the chief instrument in this great awakening of Methodism. When he began to preach he was amazed at the results, for seldom was a meeting held which did not produce its converts.' The Methodist revival of 1776 was far exceeded by that of 1785. Jesse Lee wrote: 'Such a time for the awakening and conversion of sinners was never seen before among the Methodists of America.' Mr. Gewehr calls attention to the strong effort of Methodism to eradicate slave-holding from its membership. The Great Awakening was the source of real humanitarian influences favouring the slaves, and Methodism 'parted company with slavery as far as was humanly possible.' Mr. Gewehr's study of the first popular religious movement in the southern colonies appeals to the students of all Churches and will abundantly repay their close attention.

The Reconstruction of India. By Edward J. Thompson. (Faber & Faber. 10s. 6d.)

India and the Simon Report. By C. F. Andrews. (Allen & Unwin. 3s.)

We are all thinking about India, and it is no small advantage to look at its problems through the eyes of men who have lived in the country and know its people and its customs so intimately as do Mr. Thompson and Mr. Andrews. Mr. Thompson is not a politician, but he presents a connected account of how Britain and India have come to their present relations. He feels that the British Empire is changing before our eyes and passing through the greatest test it has had to endure in the memory of man. More important still is the question whether East and West shall end their long feud. He shows us British India before the Mutiny, describes the Government, the coming of nationalism, and brings out Lord Curzon's inflexible courage and sense of justice. His manner was notoriously cold and superior, but he introduced into Indian government a stricter morality and sense of responsibility, and conferred on India benefits that could

never be taken away. The treatment of Indians in the Dominions and Colonies has been 'a fountain of bitterness, destined to increase steadily both in volume and acrid quality.' The coming of violent nationalism in the last thirty years in Bengal and the Punjab is clearly outlined, and the significance of Mr. Gandhi is brought out. 'He has pity and love for every race, and most of all for the poor and oppressed. He is without fear or care for self. He is humorous, kindly, obstinate, brave. . . . He has definitely shifted the course of a people's way—of the way of many peoples.' His offer to call off civil disobedience under impossible conditions is clearly described. Then Mr. Thompson deals with the implacable problems of the Indian situation, and presents his own conclusions. 'The Simon Report in its main lines recommends a course which has little glory in it, but much honest usefulness.' He feels that, if India would kill communal hatred, overhaul her systems of thought and social practice, and bring into the full stream of national effort her despised minorities and her women, she would be rid of nine-tenths of her present miseries. If our Government openly stated that there is no intention to keep India in the empire against the will of her people, he thinks we should probably hear much less of secession, and much more of co-operation.

Mr. C. F. Andrews considers the causes which have led up to the present dead-lock in India. He holds that British rule is felt to be a bondage from which there must be release. The people are responding to a new national life. The changed mental outlook carries us far beyond the recommendations of the Simon Report. There will be required, in the future, men and women from this country who will regard it as their highest privilege to serve under Indians instead of directing them or ruling over them. That would bring about the equal friendship of the twentieth century. We feel that Mr. Thompson was right when he described the sympathies of Mr. Andrews as stronger than his judgement or his sense of evidence. The two books must be studied together by those who wish to get at the root of the problem.

Robert Leighton, Archbishop of Glasgow : A Study of his Life, Times, and Writings. By the Right Rev. E. A. Knox, D.D. (James Clarke & Co. 12s. 6d.)

This is a comprehensive study in which good use is made of contemporary records published since Dr. Butler's *Life of Leighton* appeared. Three chapters are devoted to a *résumé* of Scottish Church history, and many interesting details are given of his father, Dr. Alexander Leighton, and Robert's boyhood. It is amusing to find him in a students' escapade which led to his extrusion from Edinburgh University, and his 'wander years,' from 1681-41, were spent on the Continent, where he learned to speak French like a native. Eleven years were spent as minister at Newbattle, where the Earl of Lothian bore witness: 'Never did I get so much by any that stood in a pulpit.' He then spent ten years as Principal of Edinburgh University, and

became Bishop of Dunblane in 1662, and Archbishop of Edinburgh in 1670. From 1674 to his death on June 28, 1684, he lived in retirement at his sister's house in Horsted Keynes in Sussex. Bishop Knox gives many details of his income, the places where he worked, and the problems which he had to face in Scotland. They defied solution, and for that reason Andrew Lang called him an 'ineffectual saint,' but few saints have ever done more to sweeten and hallow life for others, both by his example, his teaching, and his writings—as this valuable biography shows in the most impressive way.

The Mediaeval Scene. By G. G. Coulton. (Cambridge University Press. 5s.)

This 'Informal Introduction to the Middle Ages' gives the substance of Dr. Coulton's wireless talks on the social conditions of mediaeval life, with some additions as to the mental life, from his article in *Harmsworth's World History*. The chapters deal with the Village, the Church and the Village, Towns and Fields, Chivalry, Monasticism, Trade and Travel, Popular Religion, and other subjects, and the illustrations include plates of the famous Chaldon wall-painting of 'The Ladder of Salvation'; a 'Church Procession in a Village,' a beautiful view of 'Timber Houses in Paris,' and other plates and text-figures of real illustrative value. Dr. Coulton makes the life of the Middle Ages stand out vividly. The belief was that the majority of the human race went to hell. Even St. Thomas Aquinas accepted that position. 'At the very worst, the Church was the main centre of village life.' Its fabric and ornaments were hallowed by long and noble associations; the clergy were as a body, better educated and more personally respectable than the majority of their parishioners. *Piers Plowman* is a better index even than Dante's *Divine Comedy* to the mind of the multitude, for it is a picture of all classes. Dr. Coulton is master of the whole subject, and he makes it live before our eyes.

Malta, the Vatican, and the British Government. (Epworth Press. 4d.) Mr. Isaac Foot has here given the two speeches he delivered in the House of Commons on events in Malta, with three letters to *The Times* and a speech of Lord Strickland in the House of Lords. The real question is whether there can be two Governments in Malta, and the decision must be made in a way that will prevent our liberties from being infringed and the positions taken after much struggle being lost. The British Government has described the acts of the Vatican as reprehensible in the highest degree, and has protested against them in the most emphatic manner. Every lover of Protestantism and of civil and religious liberty will prize this illuminating discussion and be grateful to Mr. Foot for dealing with a vital problem.

Raymond Preston. Edited by W. Kingscote-Greenland. (Epworth Press. 3s. 6d.) This is the story of an evangelist greatly

blessed in his work in this country and Australia. It is full of moving incidents, and shows how Mr. Preston's song and speech have won him a welcome everywhere. He is a keen cricketer, and many pleasant pages are given to Australian cricketers. Not the least of his charms is that he is a very human saint, welcomed and beloved wherever he goes. The editor has done his part with skill and sympathy.—*My Wayside*. By Mrs. Arthur Walters. (Epworth Press. 8s. 6d.) This is a picture of what the painter calls an ordinary life, and its varied interest and quiet beauty grow upon us as we study it. Mrs. Walters was born in the rich country of Thomas Hardy's novels, and her 'Early Days and a Garden' describes it with much pleasant detail. Her marriage led her to Hythe and Worcester, to Dockland, to Colchester in war-time, and to other centres of English life, about which gather many happy memories. The Cambridge days and the war-time excitements are full of interest, and the whole record shows how rich life may be in friends and lively experiences.—*Charles T. Studd*, by Thomas B. Walters (Epworth Press, 2s. 6d.), makes a double appeal, to lovers of cricket and to lovers of missions. The story of 'The Cambridge Seven' never loses its interest, and Mr. Studd's life has been a blessing to the world. Mr. Walters makes it all live in this bright record.—*The Eastern Frontiers of Germany*, by René Martel (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d.), opens with an historical retrospect of the position of the Polish frontier since the Great War, and presents the Polish and the German views, and their varied suggestions for a solution, with much fullness. They are hard to reconcile, but Germany is pledged by the Treaty of Locarno to employ none but pacific means for the settlement of any disputes between herself and Poland, though she maintains her right to demand a partial readjustment of the European situation. Poland refuses to lend herself to such a revision. M. Martel feels that it is necessary to intervene promptly if peace is to be safeguarded. There must be a sincere effort to reach a final and just settlement.—*Knightage, 1930-1*. By William Bull. (Solicitors' Law Stationery Company. 7s. 6d.) This is the sixteenth edition of Sir William Bull's list of knights, with brief biographical sketches which give many interesting details about their work. Some notes about knightood, about crests and coats of arms, and the foundation of the Imperial Society of Knights Bachelor, are prefixed to the names, which are arranged in order of precedence. The list of the hundred most distinguished knights begins with Sir William Gascöyne, 1405, and closes with Sir Ernest Shackleton, 1909. Sir William Bull's volume claims a place in every knight's library and in all public libraries also.

GENERAL

The Oxford Book of Greek Verse. Chosen by Gilbert Murray, Cyril Bailey, E. A. Barber, T. F. Higham, and C. M. Bavra. (Oxford : Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d. net.)

In the Oxford anthologies of verse the greatest original poetry of all literature has hitherto been unrepresented, but by the appearance of the *Oxford Book of Greek Verse* this defect has been made good. The present volume fitly and happily harmonizes with the marked revival of interest in the Greek genius which since the war has borne fruit in some notable expositions, such as *The Legacy of Greece*. The titles of the pieces of poetry are excellently chosen, and should whet the appetite of the Greekless reader into whose hands the book may fall, for he can at least acquaint himself with the English renderings, which for most, if not all, the extracts are now available ; while for lovers of Greek whose familiarity with the text has been dulled by lapse of time the book will awaken delightful memories.

The first hundred pages are devoted to Homer—by no means too large a proportion of the whole, for to steep oneself in the great passages of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* is to feel the inspiration of all the subsequent development of Greek poetry in its marvellous course from the sagas of wandering minstrels to the epigrammatists of the Hellenistic age. Homer is followed by Hesiod and the Lesbian lyrists, Sappho and Alcaeus ; then comes Aeschylus and Pindar, with Sophocles and Euripides ; next Aristophanes and the New Comedy so sparsely represented by the fragments of Menander ; and thence we pass to the Alexandrians, Theocritus, Callimachus, and Apollonius Rhodius, until we reach the fourth century A.D., with Palladas—that hater of Christianity whose spirit was yet ‘deeply invaded by it’—and the dull hexameters of Quintus Smyrnaeus and Musaeus. It is a truly enthralling selection, illustrative of a rich and varied poetic activity, and the introductory essay, by Mr. Bavra, who describes it, is a valuable addition to the book. He reminds us that even to read the elegiacs of the Byzantine Court poets—e.g. of Paulus Silentiarius, who wrote a glowing eulogy of the colour-scheme of the newly built church of St. Sophia—is to feel that ‘the spirit which informs this late art is in some ways the same spirit which had stirred the creations of a thousand years before.’

La Teoria Poetica del Newman. By Frederico Olivero. (Milan : Via S. Agnese.)

The Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of the Sacred Heart finds the basis of Newman’s poetic theory expressed with his usual lucidity of style and clearness of definition ; and, with his spontaneous simplicity and directness of expression, in his *Poetry, with reference to Aristotle’s Politics*, Newman comes to

the conception of an ideal of lyrical beauty in tragedy. The plot may be compared to the disposition of the figures in the composition of a picture. The plot, the argument, and lyric element of the drama, the catastrophe, and other features of tragedy are discussed. The final section, on the religious spirit in poetry, points out that Newman commented eloquently on the profound influence of the religious spirit on life and art, on the transfiguration brought to the vision of the soul by the light of faith. Religion has its proper amplification, not in tumult, but in peace. Uncultured people become different when they turn to God. Every event has significance, and the world, no longer tedious, monotonous, useless, without hope, is a varied and complicated drama with parts and a subject and a terrible moral. To Newman the Catholic Church is the most sacred and most august of poets.

Number, The Language of Science. By Tobias Dantzig, Ph.D. (Allen & Unwin. 10s.)

Dr. Dantzig is Professor of Mathematics in the University of Maryland, and thinks that 'our school curricula, by stripping mathematics of its cultural content and leaving a bare skeleton of technicalities, have repelled many a fine mind.' The ingenuity displayed in devising rules for adding and multiplying numbers on one's fingers is described. Four hundred years ago, finger-counting was such a widespread custom in western Europe that no manual of arithmetic was complete unless it gave full instructions in the method. To-day, the greater portion of humanity is counting on fingers. Tally-sticks, notches, counting-boards, and other mechanical devices are described, and light is thrown on the *amicable* numbers of the Pythagoreans and the sieve of Eratosthenes.

Angel Pavement. By J. B. Priestley. (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.)

The actors and the scenes of this story are in marked contrast to those of *The Good Companions*, but they hold a reader's attention quite as strongly, and give him a passport into business scenes in a London world which proves of absorbing interest. The coming of Mr. Golspie revolutionizes matters in the decaying business in Angel Pavement, and his going plunges it into distress and bankruptcy. But, in the few months, we live amid love scenes, and home episodes which are described with a minuteness which makes them real events. Even the errand boy at the Angel Pavement office is a character, and every one in the place, and the strange tobacconist outside, has a history. The Barpenfield Club, where the chief typist gives a picture of life which has its own interest; Turgis with his infatuation and his downfall; Smeeth and his family—all keep one wondering till the curtain falls and we wonder still more what is to be the next stage in the lives of all the characters. It is a realistic picture where every stroke tells, and, though it is by no means pleasant, there are gleams of brighter things which make us feel that better days are

coming through the very storms that seem to have wrecked a score of lives.

The Splendour of the Dawn. By John Oxenham. (Longmans & Co. 5s.) This is a really happy and impressive reconstruction of the gospel story as a Roman youth sees it in Jerusalem, at the Cross, and on the Day of Pentecost. Cornelius throws a stone at Jesus on the way to Calvary and never forgets the look that shot deep down into his very heart. He becomes the bosom friend of John Mark, goes with him and Mary to Nazareth, gets into close touch with Peter and Stephen, and sees Saul both as fiery zealot and as convert. It is a real picture, and nothing jars on one's feelings in the whole story.—*Red May.* By Florence Bone. (Cassell & Co. 3s. 6d.) Miss Bone knows the Dales, and every touch in this story brings out the beauty of the scenery and the strong character of the Dalesfolk. Her hero is a young doctor who soon passes from the North Country to gain a great reputation in London. His love affairs make the chief interest of the tale; but Sheila, the soprano, captures the town and comes at last to her long-delayed happiness. The Cockney widow with a heart of gold is a striking figure, and Rosamund Hilliard, one of the noblest women in the book, gets her lover at last. It is really skilled work and full of charm from first to last.—*The Adventures of Anne,* by H. L'Estrange Malone (Epworth Press, 3s. 6d.), is a child's *Pilgrim's Progress*, with its perils and escapes, and its happy sequel. It is a feat of fancy and never loses its spiritual note. Anne is a charming little maid, and she does a fine thing when she rescues Mafulda and takes her on pilgrimage and finds her long-lost home.—*The School Adventure Annual for Boys and for Girls* are brim full of lively stories with fun and pluck and adventure, and they are finely illustrated. It puzzles one to see how they can be produced for half a crown (Epworth Press).—*The Tip-Top Annual* and *Teeny-Weeny's Annual* (Epworth Press, 3s. 6d. each) are picture galleries of real charm, with serials, poetry, bright stories, and verses full of fun, and will yield children many happy hours.—*In Days of Peril*, by A. J. Johnson (Epworth Press, 5s.), is a story of the Reformation. John Collard, the young Kentish yeoman, gets to know Nicholas Ridley, then Vicar of Herne, and undertakes a dangerous journey to London with a dispatch for the Duke of Norfolk. He has not a few adventures, in which he proves his pluck and courage. The story is much alive, and gives a vivid picture of the Popish plots, of the reign of Queen Mary, and the martyrdom of Ridley. Young people will greatly enjoy it.—*This Day and Time.* By Anne W. Armstrong. (Knopf. 7s. 6d.) Ivy Ingoldsby is deserted by her husband, and, after a miserable time of city life, returns to her home on the hills of Tennessee. She makes a brave struggle for herself and her boy, and proves a really large-hearted and capable woman. Life is here seen in its elemental form, and it has some grim revelations of jealousy and worthlessness, but the country scenes are sketched with real skill. We get to know the thoughts and habits of the homely folk, and find how much good

nature and kindly feeling there is in the place for Ivy. Her husband comes back as she hoped, but a neighbour's lies send him away without seeing his wife, and her little Enoch has to be her comforter. It is a powerful book, with some pages that are terribly realistic, but Ivy herself is a treasure.—*Strange Tales of the Western Isles*. By Halbert J. Boyd. (Stirling: Mackay. 7s. 6d.) A month in the Hebrides led Mr. Boyd to study the customs and superstitions of the people, and out of this comes his sheaf of stories. They are weird and powerful and certainly lose none of their fascination as he tells them. 'The Black Dog of Macphie' is grim indeed, and 'Thyra' is tragic. The spirit of the islands seems to be captured in these pages.—*The Quest of the Diamond Cave*, by John G. Rowe (Epworth Press, 8s. 6d.), begins with a letter from Paul Farquhar, who learned the secret of existence when he was a sorter at the De Beers Mine, and passes it on to the brother of a man who had befriended him. It proves a dangerous secret, and involves Henry Delavan in many perils on the voyage to Africa and when he arrives there. It creates a host of thrills and many a struggle with the diamond thieves, but it ends in victory and partnership with De Beers.—The Sheldon Press publish three stories of real historical interest. *Duchénier* (8s. 6d.) is a reprint of J. M. Neale's brilliant story of the French Revolution, with much fighting, many hair-breadth escapes, and the fall of Robespierre. It is a powerful story and has its happy love scenes set amid the terrors and excitements of the struggle in La Vendée. *Sons of Want* (2s. 6d.), by Lilian Danton, is the story of the Chartist riots, and gives a pleasant view of Lord Ashley and Charles Kingsley, who play a large part in bringing in 'a better world for the little ones.' *Bobby Wild Goose*, also by Lilian Danton (2s. 6d.), is a chronicle of old Gloucester, with a vivid account of Robert Raikes and his work. They are well illustrated, and will be greatly prized by young readers and older folk as well.

Rambles in Britain's Birdland. By Oliver G. Pike, F.Z.S., F.R.P.S. (Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d.) This book brings its readers into intimate touch with nature. It is a record of long study of birds in their own haunts, and every chapter has some fresh and interesting facts which appeal to all lovers of birds. Mr. Pike has devoted much time to the cuckoo and gives ample evidence that she lays her egg in the nest of her victims. The ruthless way in which the young cuckoo ejects the eggs of the nest is realistically described. A dream that once led the author to discover the nest of a black-necked grebe which he had vainly sought was the strangest experience of his thirty years of bird photography. The confidence that wild birds sometimes show is seen in stories of the winged plover and the water-rail which allowed Mr. Pike to handle them. There is also an account of the nightingale's song. 'Some are worth listening to, others are better when they are silent. But a really first-class singing nightingale is worth going a thousand miles to hear.' No lover of birds should miss this record of years spent in their company.—*And Such*

Small Deer. By E. V. Lucas. (Methuen & Co. 8s. 6d.) These papers are drawn from the author's volumes of essays, and will delight little folk. The Zoo figures largely in them, but we watch the conjurer at work, we see Hamilton Conrad with his trained pigeons, we pay our thanks to the cow for providing milk, and watch 'little Reynolds' and the sportsmen who are on his track. It is sparkling work, with many a pleasant glimpse into the life of small deer and the clever frontispiece by Persis Kermse, 'Heads of Angels (New style),' is a quaint circle of Pekinese heads.

The Contemporary Thought of India. By A. C. Underwood, M.A., D.D. *The Contemporary Thought of Germany.* By W. Tudor Jones, M.A., D.Phil. (Williams & Norgate. 7s. 6d. each.) 'The Library of Contemporary Thought,' edited by Dr. Tudor Jones, makes a strong appeal to students, and the two volumes before us are of special present-day interest. Nothing could be more illuminating than the volume on India by the Principal of Rawdon College, who was formerly professor in Serampore College, Bengal. He gives a clear and illuminating account of the political, social, and religious situation, with estimates of Rabindranath Tagore, Ghandi, Professor Radhakrishnan, of Theosophy and Indian Christianity. The West will learn from India that it has exalted the active over the passive virtues and will see the true meaning of humility and meekness. The book throws light on many pressing questions of Indian life and will repay close attention.

Simon the Zealot, by John S. Hoyland (Williams & Norgate, 7s. 6d.), shows that Christ must have appeared, to the Jewish nationalities of His day and especially to Simon the Zealot, to have been a strong nationalist. It shows also the practical implications of Christ's ideal of reconciliation for the concrete problems of His own day, which are very similar to those of the modern world. This plan is carried out by a study of the various stages of our Lord's life from Bethlehem to the Cross. We see the struggle in the zealot's mind till the Resurrection and Pentecost bring light on the real claim and purpose of Christ, and Simon exclaims, 'He is my Friend for ever.' It is a fine study and holds one's attention from first to last.—*Siamese Tales, Old and New.* Translated by Reginald le May, M.R., A.S. (Noel Douglas. 8s. 6d.) The writer is adviser to the Siamese Government and has spent twenty-two years in the country. For a long time he has been searching for tales that would show the character and customs of the people, and he has certainly succeeded in his task. The stories are mirrors which pleasantly reflect the national life, habits, and superstitions. Siamese poetry is highly developed, and there is an almost inexhaustible fund of proverbs. The belief in ghouls and magic is strong, as these stories show. The reputation for modesty is high and well deserved. Mr. le May's Reflections bring out the significance of the stories in a very interesting way. Buddhism is a real thing to the people, but the primitive, Arcadian folk are going to change with the railways forging rapidly ahead and motor-cars pouring into the country. This book gives a

real insight into a world which is unfamiliar to English readers.—*Ten Days' Wonder*. By Muriel Hine. (John Lane. 7s. 6d.) Much love-making and adventure is packed into these days, and, despite misunderstandings, two happy marriages are in sight when the second Monday comes. Griselda is an emancipated modern girl, but she has fine spirit and no little courage, though she nearly spoils things by getting engaged to her father's friend, and has to be saved from the snare by her real lover—the finest man in the book. The story is fresh and never loses its interest.

The Touchstone of Life. By F. Sparrow. (Epworth Press. 3s. 6d.) Sir Robert Newman says in a foreword that these essays deal with big themes, and are instinct with life and power. That verdict will be endorsed by all who read the volume. The first essay closes with a call to 'let life express love.' The next sets us on 'The Enchanted Way.' The presence of Christ 'makes life a daily delight and a surprising wonder.' The essays are beautifully expressed and are rich in practical suggestions; they are enriched by wide and select reading, and every one of them has its charm and its message.—*Divorce as I See It* (Noel Douglas, 3s. 6d.) gathers together a series of articles contributed to the *Daily Express* by Bertrand Russell, H. G. Wells, and other writers. Mr. Wells regards divorce as inhuman. It seems entirely dreadful that two people 'who have gone about as close allies, who have done tender and unselfish things for each other, who have cared for the same things, who have laughed together and made happiness and delight for each other, should be supposed to be capable of a complete mental and physical separation.' *The Crazy Caterpillars*, by H. G. Tunnicliff, B.A. (Epworth Press, 2s.), is the first of twenty-six addresses to children. They are fresh, racy, practical, and full of interest. Boys and girls will delight in them.—*Six Maxims Treasured by His Majesty the King*. (Williams & Norgate. 2s.) The maxims hang on the walls of the King's library and business room at Sandringham, and Mr. Baker, the Vicar of St. Stephen, Coleman Street, bases on them a set of bright, practical addresses which will be read with pleasure.—*Hellenic Scriptures Interpreted*. By G. A. Gaskell. (C. W. Daniel Co. 7s. 6d.) This is the fifth volume of a series which presents 'interpretations of various sacred scriptures of the world.' *The Book of Hierotheos*, the First Book of the *Iliad*, Empedocles and Anaxagoras, and the Argonautic Expedition are expounded with extraordinary ingenuity.—*Infinity and Ego*, by I. C. Isbyam (C. W. Daniel Co.), is 'an Experimental Study in the Psychology of Self-Consciousness.' It is acute, lucid, and well reasoned.—The Methodist Pocket Books are in great demand. They range in price from 2s. 9d. to 1s. 9d., are carefully adapted to meet the needs of ministers and laymen, are strongly bound in pluviusin, light, and fit well into the pocket. The vest pocket diary at 1s. 6d. and 1s. 9d. is well known, and nothing could be more compact. The sheet almanac, with three Scripture pictures printed in three colours, is a wonderful penny-work.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Hibbert Journal (October).—Professor Otto makes suggestions 'Towards the Reform of Divine Service.' After the preaching of the divine Word he thinks there should be a second part, a full and rich adoration offered by the whole congregation, leading to the deep and full experience of the real presence of God. This is done in the beautiful old chapel of St. Jost in Marburg, where they have also revived the old Lutheran form of the 'responsive reading' and the Litany. 'The service regularly includes this culmination of collective silence, in which the content of the entire service and the meaning of the prayers are concentrated and condensed.' Mr. Tuckwell contributes an 'Appreciation of Indian Philosophy,' and Miss Rhys Davids a 'Study in the Wisdom of India.' Mr. C. F. Andrews has an important paper on 'Christ and Race.' It is a strong protest against racial inequality. Mr. Wilson Knight deals with 'The Love Theme in Amusement, Art, and Religion' in a way that will arrest attention even where it does not carry conviction.

Journal of Theological Studies (July).—In 'Notes and Studies' Dr. Binns discusses the Midianite elements which some scholars find in Hebrew religion. He shows that the revelation of Jahveh came to Moses in Midian; that, on the journey from Egypt, Aaron and the elders partook of a sacrificial meal at which Jethro, the priest of Midian, was the celebrant; that technical terms are common to Israel and certain Arab tribes; and that the principal difficulties involved in the theory are such as appear to be dealt with in the Old Testament itself. The Rev. W. Telfer continues his study of the Latin Life of St. Gregory Thaumaturgus. Dr. Nairne's little notice of the work of J. B. Bury describes the memoir by Norman Baynes as 'restrained, artistically proportioned, suiting the career which is intense and ascetic.' It is a pious and reverent memorial of one who 'entered the high and holy place of pure history.'

Expository Times (September).—Professor Dibelius of Heidelberg describes 'The Contribution of Germany to New Testament Science.' He deals largely with Strauss and the Tübingen school. Dr. Cadoux regards 'the Parable of the Sheep and the Goats' (Matt. xxv. 31-46) as the complement of that of the Narrow Door. 'Here, in God's final judgement upon human life, we have again one of the most frequently reiterated truths of Jesus' teaching—that what we endeavour to be to our fellows determines what God will be to us.' The narrow door is the test of focused endeavour which comes to those who have heard the divine indication and know that it is life's

opportunity; for all men there is the test of compassion; are you open to those calls that show life to be larger than your private pains and pleasures?—(October.)—Dr. Dibelius says theological discussion in Germany to-day has been most deeply influenced by the movement which began with Barth's *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans* in 1919. Its first effect was distrust of the exegesis which aims merely at historical results and forgets the precise reason why the books of the Old and New Testaments are read and studied by Christian people. The claim of the Church to hear more from theology than historical statements and critical disquisitions has found in this movement the most energetic, most reasoned advocacy. Professor MacMurray deals with 'Self-Realization' as one of the 'Moral Problems of the Day.' To be real we must enter into fellowship with the world, and in the higher realm 'our self-realization is the realization of God.' Dr. Cave has a suggestive article on 'Theology and the Preacher's Task.'—(November.)—Dr. Stephenson's Fernley Lecture receives special notice. 'It is a work which manifests wide reading and clear thinking.' Its treatment of the miraculous is carefully brought out. Dr. Vincent Taylor writes on 'The Contribution of France to New Testament Science.' 'The story of French criticism is really the story of Loisy and of the reactions to which his work has given rise. These reactions can be seen to-day both on the left and on the right: usually French New Testament scholars are either very radical or very orthodox.' Signs of a third approach which will combine boldness with the strength of conservatism are visible in the work of Goguel, though the peculiar French genius 'appears rather in its power to clothe a courage rising to audacity in the felicitous medium of a language unsurpassed for lucidity and delicacy of expression.'

Church Quarterly Review (October).—Bishop Montgomery's account of Archbishop Davidson is the tribute of an intimate friend, and gives a picture of his life and character which is singularly attractive. The whole household at Lambeth was 'a Fellowship, with one united purpose, to do their duty as unto God.' Dr. Davidson's practical sagacity, his constant labour, and the boundless hospitality which Mrs. Davidson and he showed at Lambeth—all stand out in this fine article. The Rev. J. F. Mozley's 'Freud and Religion,' and Canon Lacey's 'The Vatican Council,' will be read with special interest, also Dr. Kirk's criticism of the 'Lambeth Resolutions on Marriage and Sex.'

Congregational Quarterly (October).—The editor thinks the Report of the Lambeth Conference shows that 'the bishops have decided that their concessions to the Free Church view were a mistake, and that they are determined to complete as quickly and quietly as possible the withdrawal from the positions they took up in 1920 and in subsequent negotiations.' Dr. Mackintosh, in an estimate of Harnack's work, says that no picture so good of the early Church's

missionary activity exists anywhere as *The Expansion of Christianity*. 'The world will not soon look upon his like again. Behind his ceaseless labour in study, lecture-room, and public institution lay a simple and heart-felt Christian faith.' 'A Layman's View of Preaching' is interesting.

Holborn Review (October).—The Editorial Notes pay tribute to Professor Harnack, and discuss current questions of interest. Dr. Ryder Smith writes a second article on 'The Early Hebrew Village.' 'There is evidence that the ethics of the villages was for long higher than that of the cities,' and the antecedents of the great prophets seem to lie in the village. 'The Plight of Russian Jewry' shows that 'Jewish tragedy in all its grimness is being re-enacted in Russia to-day as if five hundred years of civilizing influence had been erased from the memory of the world.' It is a varied and good number.

Science Progress (October).—Recent advances in science are carefully described; articles on important subjects such as 'The Discovery of the Gas Laws,' 'Incubation-time and Gestation-time in Birds and Mammals' are followed by a most interesting article on Robert Hooke, who worked with Boyle at Oxford, provided experiments for the Royal Society, and was Wren's assistant in rebuilding London after the Great Fire.

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review.—The July number opens with a paper read by the late Professor William R. Arnold on 'The Relation of Primitive Christianity to Jewish Thought and Teaching.' Christianity is defined as 'the product of a personality acting upon an historical situation.' The external conditions of the ministry of Jesus are vividly sketched, but exception must be taken to estimates of His personality implied in such statements as 'to employ the terminology even of Paul is to misunderstand Jesus.' An illuminating article by Professor Edward C. Moore on 'Some Aspects of our Puritan Inheritance' commemorates the tercentenary of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Errors of judgement concerning the Puritan communities are ascribed to 'insufficient knowledge of history,' and the conclusion of an able historical survey is irresistible—namely, that the Puritans knew that 'upon moral forces, more than upon all else, depend the fate of nations and the destiny of mankind.' Dr. Benjamin W. Bacon offers a conjecture in regard to 'The Authoress of Revelation.' He thinks that no name has ever been mentioned, 'as its compiler, having greater verisimilitude than the name of the prophesying daughter of Philip the Evangelist.'

Journal of Religion (October).—Professor H. F. Ward asks, 'Is Jesus Superfluous?' His challenge to men is to develop their unrealized capacities. 'He shows us how to conquer to-day by

throwing into it those powers of the past that are able to move it toward that we want and which ought to be. . . . All that He wanted was that men should go forward in the way that He took.' Dr. D'Orsay gives an instructive account of 'Christian Medicine and Science in the Third Century,' and Dr. Riddle finds 'The Occasion of Luke-Acts' in the foreboding of the persecution by Domitian.

Methodist Review (September—October).—Dr. Eiselen, writing on 'The Purpose and Use of the Scriptures,' quotes Bishop Hughes: 'The Bible is a book of power.' It is the book of the strongest nations. In every case, power is lodged in the Holy Scriptures. The miracle is this, 'That a very ancient book rules a very modern world.' Professor Eiselen feels that the most productive use of the Bible is as a light, a guide, an inspiration. Used in that way it becomes a book of greater vitality and power. 'Some Social Applications of the Christian Ministry' views war, the acquisitive spirit, and power, in the light of Christ's teaching. 'Our Pentecostal Symposium' is continued, and 'Epistles from the Editor' (Dr. Elliott) deal effectively with many living subjects. We greatly regret his death on November 2. He was a noble preacher, a progressive leader of his Church and a far-seeing editor.

Moslem World (October).—Mr. Mercer gives many striking incidents of his 'Bible Distribution in Cairo.' 'The Patriarchs of the Near East' opens with a reference to the decision of the Angora Government to allow the Greek Orthodox Patriarch to remain at Constantinople, provided that he ceases to exercise civil and administrative powers. That 'strikes at the foundation of one of the main pillars of Islamic society. It introduces an innovation of far-reaching effect, which, if adhered to, may lead to endless complications.'

Canadian Journal of Religious Thought (September—October).—Dr. Hough writes on 'Comprehensive Scholarship and Religious Thought.' 'The personal qualities of Jesus are the highest we can think of ascribing to God. Thus Jesus becomes the keystone to the arch which is our personal interpretation of the universe.' 'The evolutionary process,' he says, 'is secure in new meaning when we think of it as the age-long activity of the personal God.'

FOREIGN

Calcutta Review (September).—Dr. Rhys Davids writes on 'Rebirth in the Pali Scriptures'; Louise A. Nelson contributes three papers on Chaucer, the dramatic scheme of *The Canterbury Tales*, and the subject of marriage in the *Tales*. There are articles on Thomas Hardy and on the poetry of Robert Bridges.—(October).—This number has articles on 'Emerson on Concord,' Ibsen, and on 'Landor, Rose Aylmer, and their Association with Calcutta.'

The '**Financial Post**' **Business Year-Book** for Canada and Newfoundland, published by the Maclean Co. in Toronto, describes the momentous economical advances in Canada the last ten years.

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